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METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

LOVE SMUGGLERS AND NAVAL HEROES

JOHN HARVEY
(Died June, 1794)

Commodore Boys
1700—1774

942.07:35

LOVE SMUGGLERS AND NAVAL HEROES

BEING HISTORICAL NOTES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY

LILIAN BOYS BEHRENS

Author of

"Under Thirty-seven Kings"

CECIL PALMER

49 CHANDOS STREET

LONDON, W.C.2

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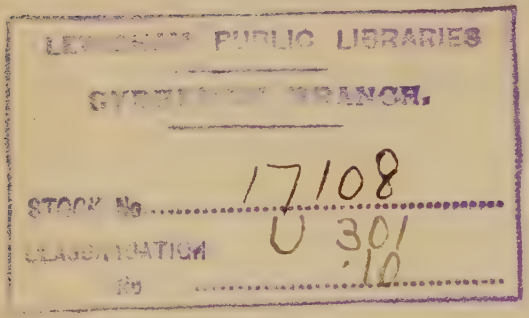


Printed in Great Britain

DEDICATED
TO THE MEN OF KENT
AND KENTISH MEN
TO THE MAIDS OF KENT
KENTISH MAIDS

FOREWORD

INCIDENTS in the lives of our Sailors who lived in past ages furnish useful material and give fresh sidelights on our great Naval Service.

We owe much to those who went before. They faced, struggled with, and overcame difficulties which are not difficulties to us now because our predecessors made them easy.

In the following pages of naval "Pot-Pourri" Mrs. Boys Behrens portraits many of those difficulties, and by much patient industry in looking up old records and documents she has brought to light some old verses and ballads, racy of the sea, and new incidents in the lives of officers in a Service traditionally laconic.

Her faculty for taking trouble in this respect, no doubt, has been a labour of love, since many of the references and stories are associated with her own family—the Boys.

Notwithstanding the Great War and the many changes which it has brought about, England—thank God—still holds her Watery Dominion.

The love of the sea is as deep in our hearts as ever before, and, therefore, stories and verses of the sea are still welcomed.

COMMANDER L. C. BERNACCHI,
O.B.E. (Milt.), R.N.V., F.R.G.S.
(late Physicist to Capt. Scott's 1st Antarctic Expedition in the "Discovery.")

PREFACE

IN the following chapters will be found legends, amusing anecdotes, with genuine 18th century history centred round some naval heroes, principally of the families of Lamb, Boys and Harvey. If a little disconnected, the reader is asked to remember that the period covered by the book is a period of nearly 100 years.

The Lamb family were most prominent in the early 18th century, when Mr. James Lamb was Mayor of the town of Rye. The family will always be remembered on account of their association with the Lovers' Seat, Hastings.

Early in the 18th century there was living at Deal a branch of the ancient family of Boys, whose ancestors are reputed to have come over at the Conquest and settled at Bonnyngton, Kent. They had always been supporters of their Kings and country, Sir John Boys, of Donnington Castle, being the family hero. During the Civil Wars things had not always gone well with their estates, and this family found themselves in poor circumstances. This branch joined the Presbyterian party and entered the Navy. In 1700 a son, William, was born to William

Boys and Jane Laurence; his uncle died as a midshipman on board H.M.S. Warwick, 1697; his grandfather was known as William of Sandwich, afterwards of Deal, who married Elizabeth Dibbs, widow of Captain Thomson, of a ship in the Turkey trade.

William Boys, through his own energies, became Commodore at Greenwich Hospital. He had by his wife, Elizabeth Pearson, two sons and two daughters. Jane, the eldest child, married a Dissenting Minister. William of Sandwich became the great historian of that town and a Fellow of the Antiquary and Royal Linnaen Societies. Elizabeth married in 1768 Admiral Sir Henry Harvey, and Pearson became a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy and married Elizabeth, grand-daughter of Admiral Graydon.

John Harvey, described as Yeoman and Esquire, died at Eythorn, Kent, early in the 18th century, leaving not only £50,000, but a son, Richard, who became the Rector of Eastry. The Rev. Richard had a son, John, later made Master in Chancery and Accountant General. His daughter, Mary, became the

wife of John Boys, of Betteshanger, cousin of Commodore Boys.

In the following pages are found three sorts of smugglers :—

1. Those who smuggled goods into England;
2. Those who smuggled goods out; and
3. Love Smugglers.

Now, it has been asked by several men, 'What does Love Smuggling mean?' It is suggested that they read this book, and find out if they by any chance have been Love Smugglers themselves.

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I.	Smugglers	1
II.	Love Smugglers	11
III.	Result of Marriage	31
IV.	Fashions of the 18th Century	37
V.	Lamb and Rye	45
VI.	Captain William Boys	53
VII.	Commodore Boys and Greenwich Hospital	70
VIII.	Recruits	79
IX.	Wolfe	100
X.	The Glorious First of June	104
XI.	Nelson's Advice	118
XII.	Trafalgar	131
XIII.	John S. Harvey, Accountant General	144

ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Captain John Harvey ... ... Frontispiece
2. Elizabeth Boys and Charles Lamb ... Facing 51
3. Commodore Boys ... ... ,, 74
4. Mary Harvey ... ... ,, 146

LOVE SMUGGLERS AND NAVAL HEROES

Chapter I

Smugglers

AT the time our story is written the ancient cities of Rye, Hastings and Hythe had long been the centre of the smuggling trade. One must realize there were three sorts of smuggling; the love of each is born in the blood. First, the illegal export of wool, known as 'owling' in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries, when there were over 2,500 packs of free wool at this time shipped every year from the Marsh lands to France. Secondly, the import of spirits, tea, lace and silk in later times. Thirdly, 'love smuggling,' which has always existed—that is, kidnapping of girls. The gangs of smugglers did not mind whether the time was day or night, although they preferred moonlight nights in which to do their work.

'Goodnight, we'd best be jogging on,
The moon's been up awhile.
We've got to get to Bonnington,
Nigh seven mile.

But the Marsh ain'd so lone if you've heered a good song,
And you hum it aloud as you canter along,

Nor the stiles half so high, nor the pack so like lead,
If you've heard a good tale and it runs in your head.

So, come, we'd best be jogging on,
The moon will give us light.
We've got to get to Bonnington
To sleep tonight.'

In Henry VIII.'s time it was enacted by Law that all persons be regularly instructed even in their tender years to the use of arms when these were the fashion—*i.e.*, the long-bow and arrows. Owners of estates and householders were obliged to supply the weapons to their servants. Then the small shot-gun came into use, which gave an easier time to the smuggler and poacher and a worse time to the farmer. Habits in men become a second nature, and it was difficult for smugglers to free themselves from their crimes even if they wished to do so. John Wesley, founder of the Methodists, while preaching at Rye, declared he took the whole world as his parish, but although the people of Rye were willing to hear the good word, yet they would not part with the accursed thing, smuggling.

A petition was received by Parliament from the druggists and dealers in tea that, to prevent smuggling, a duty should be paid according to the price of it at the East India Company's sales.

The Hawkhurst gang of smugglers had a

special assize held at Chichester to try them, upon the petition of the County of Sussex, the constant failure of local justice giving rise for this extra Court. Two of the gang turned King's evidence, a horrid tale of barbarous and studied torture being told of two unoffending men. A cargo of tea had arrived and had been seized at Poole and consigned to the Custom House. Now, as the Sussex smugglers were hoping to have a good haul, sixty mounted men rode into the town while 30 guarded the roads as scouts. The gang broke open the Custom House and carried off all the tea, and, on leaving, the whole cavalcade was watched by the villagers. Four months later a shoemaker of Ford was found who had given evidence, and the gang subjected him to endless tortures. Six of the gang were caught and hung in chains, a much more merciful death than had befallen the shoemaker.

The old Saxon town of Hastings, the first of the Cinque Ports, had many an interesting naval smuggling story to tell.

Here in this old town are found St. Clement's Caves (now lighted by electricity!), where smugglers found a safe refuge on stormy days. From this coast in 1745 Stephen Boyce and five other sailors had been drowned

during one of those awful storms which wrecked so many vessels. The following year another heavy storm is reported, which killed sheep, many people were drowned, and one man was so struck by lightning that his finger and toe nails were burnt and the skin of his legs was stript off, from which issued a sulphurous scent.

One smuggling story comes from Flanders, where a great deal of illegal traffic was carried on in Brabant lace. A large dog was used for the purpose; having been shorn of his hair, he was wrapped in priceless lace and then covered with the skin of another dog the same size and colour. His master had only to say 'March, friend,' and the beast would run through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, escape the notice of the officers stationed to intercept smugglers, and would wait outside the gates until followed by his master. Within five or six years the man made a large fortune, but the neighbours became jealous and suspected smuggling. Even the dog began to realize he was watched, and contrived to elude vigilance. Sometimes he leaped the ramparts and swam the moat, or even finding one gate locked or too closely guarded, would try the other. But one day the dog was shot with three slugs as he swam across the moat

of Malines, and was killed instantly; on his body was found lace valued at 5,000 *dollars*. Smugglers did not always get off free; five of them were brought to London from Folkestone and kept in custody at the suit of the Crown. At the same time John Lamb, the sexton, and William Bilby, the grave digger of St. Andrew's, were transported for seven years for stealing leaden coffins.

The transportation of smugglers to foreign lands was even worse than undergoing hardships in an English prison. It took weeks and sometimes months to get to the destination of the prisoners; they were often chained together, and although some may have determined to make the best of a bad job by singing the old Mariner's Song, after a few weeks one wonders if they did not lose hope of ever returning to their native shores.

MARINER'S SONG.

Ships our cradles, decks our pillows,
Lull'd by winds, and rock'd on billows,
Gaily bound we o'er the tide—
Hope our anchor, Heav'n our guide.

Many attempts were tried to put down smuggling, but it was a difficult business, as the gentry and clergy were willing to help the smugglers. The cousins of Commodore Boys, of whom we shall read in the following chapters, lived in Margate, in an old house

believed to have been the home of smugglers, and reputed to be haunted by their spirits. The family in the 19th century declared they heard the rattle of the smugglers' spirits as they continually moved up and down the stairs at nights. While the children were small the noises became so bad that their beds were moved from one floor on to one below: when, to their horror, the noises followed them, and pictures fell from walls and furniture moved. At last it was decided to get a spiritualist to get in touch with the smuggler spirit; and he at once declared he wished to speak to the daughter of the house. This was impossible on account of the youth of the girl, but spirit or no spirit, the family continued to live in their home another thirty years. Why must the spirits of smugglers take so long to find their resting place? Did love smugglers live in this house and have no reward?

The Historical Chronicle of 1736 gave the name of Mr. David Boyce as having been confined in the Fleet Prison several years, at his Majesty's suit, for some thousand pounds, for smuggling, was had before the Barons of the Exchequer, and discharged, he having by council previously moved the Court, in pursuance of the late Insolvent Debtors Act passed, which made it death to those who take

the benefit of it, and are afterwards guilty of smuggling or of receiving or concealing run goods.

Special verdicts in the causes depending believer the King, Plaintiff, and John Huggins, late Warden of the Fleet, Defendant, for the Escapes of Robert Boyse, and other Persons in the fleet, for near 40,000 lb., and gave it for the Defendant.

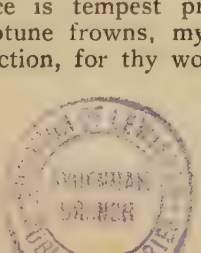
A story was told of the celebrated member of the Irish Bar, Mr. Curran. He went one day to the Old Bailey, and was much annoyed because admission was refused him until he had paid the 2/- entrance fee to the gallery door-keeper. 'Pay for admission to a Court of Justice! Why, man, I am come from a country where they give money to such a simple man as me for going into Court,' declared Mr. Curran. 'More fools they!' replied the door-keeper.

The following was written by Sir William Lavant during his imprisonment in Dover Castle :

SONG.

1.

Beat on, proud billows, boreas blow,
Swell, curling waves, high as Jove's roof.
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest proof,
Tho' surely Neptune frowns, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.



2.

This place the world miscalls a gaol
A private lodging is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty.
Bars, bolts of adamant, together met;
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

3

Here sin for want of food must starve
Where tempting objects are not seen,
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, not keep vice in.
Malice of late's grown charitable, sure,
I'm not imprison'd, but am kept secure.

4.

Those manacles about my arms
I as a Mistress' favors wear,
And for to keep my ankles warm
I have some iron fetters there.
This place is but my garrison, that cell
Which man calls gaol, doth prove my citadel.

5.

I'm in this cabinet locked up,
Like to some high-prized Margaret
Or like the great Mogul or Pope,
I'm cloistered up from publick sight.
Retirement is a point of Majesty,
And now, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

6.

What tho' I cannot see my King
Neither in person nor in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders to me what's not mine.
My King from what adamant can part?
Whom I do wear engrav'd on my heart.

7.

Have you not seen the Nightingale
When turn'd a pilgrim to her cage,
And heard her tell her doleful tale
In that, her lovely Hermitage?
She, by her chirping, the lady doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

8.

I am that bird you've thus combined
To rob me of my liberty,
And tho' my body is confin'd,
Still maugre hate my soul is free,
And tho' immur'd, yet will I chirp and sing
Disgrace to Rebels, Honor to my King.

Finis.

At this time Thomas Hughes was executed for stealing 48 guineas in the dwelling house of the Countess of Morton. Unfortunate man to leave such a record, perhaps he had staked his all at her house over a game of cards!

One lazy old Irishman who was told he must work or else starve, replied, "Sure, its heart-broken Sam is, and if the weather were warm enough I'd drown myself!" Another labourer said to the Judge: "Now, your Lordship, give me a situation in an eating-house, I understand that!" Much sympathy was felt to all the homeless, and when evidence proved weak against a prisoner accused of murder, one Judge stopped the case and ordered the jury to say "Not Guilty."

Instantly the lawyer for the defence asked leave to address the Court. "With pleasure," replied the Judge, "but first, to prevent accidents, we will acquit the prisoner." Another criminal, being asked "Are you guilty?", replied "Guess I am, Judge, but I'd like to be tried to be more sure of it!"

Chapter II

Love Smugglers

> Something I've studied
> But I propose NOT to interpret—
> WOMAN!
>
> *Tobin's Curfew*

NOW let us turn our attention to the 'Love Smugglers'. Love letters are generally the cherished possessions of the person to whom they are written, and one does not expect they will be read and criticised centuries later, as was the case with the following letters.

A sexton, while digging a grave in the chancel of a parish church, declared a little blow of his pickaxe had opened a decayed coffin in which were found not only the dust and a few bones of a lady who had once been noted for her beauty, but also a parcel of letters. These, on close examination, proved to be love letters; amongst the pieces found were the words—My Soul! Lilies! Roses! Dearest Angel! and the like. But one letter seemed more legible; it was—'Madam, If you would know the greatness of my Love, consider that of your own Beauty. That Blooming Countenance, that Snowy Bosom, that Graceful Person, return every Moment to my Imagination: The Brightness of your

Eyes hath hindered me from closing mine since I last saw you. You may still add to your Beauties by a Smile. A Frown will make me the most wretched of Men, as I am the most passionate of Lovers '. Moral :

Is it wise to bury your lover's letters?

Dr. Boyce, Master of his Majesty's Band of Musick, composed the following verses and set them to music :

Young Daphne was the prettiest Maid
The eyes of love could see;
And but one fault the charmer had,
'Twas cruelty to me.
No swain that e'er the nymph ador'd
Was fonder or was younger;
Yet when her pity I implor'd,
'Twas—' Stay a little longer.'

It chanc'd I met the blooming fair
One May-morn in the grove,
When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
' Now, now's the time for love! '
I clasped the maid, it wak'd her pride;
' What, did I mean to wrong her? '
' Not so, my gentle dear,' I cry'd,
' But love will stay no longer.'

Then, kneeling at her feet, I swore
How much I lov'd, how well;
And that my heart, which beat for her,
With her should ever dwell.

Content I stood, speaking in the eye,
And pleasures seem'd to throw her;
Yet Daphne utter'd with a sigh,
'Oh—stay a little longer.'

The conflict in her soul I saw,
'Twixt virtue and desire;
'Oh, come,' I cry'd, 'let Hymen's law
Give sanction to love's fire.'
Ye lovers, guess how great my joy,
Could rapture well prove stronger?
When virtue spoke in Daphne's voice,
'You—now shall stay no longer.'

Dr. Boyce.

If one had been to a Welsh wedding in days gone by, it might have been thought they were all 'Love Smugglers' being chased by the bride's parents; for it was the custom for the whole of the invited family, both men and women, to ride full speed to the church; and the person who arrived there first had some special privilege at the marriage feast.

But even the Tatler, with all his advice, had to draw a line at some of his correspondence he received when keeping a marriage agency. He wrote:

> The Lady that answered the Letter of Mr. Alexander, Landlord, which was published on Thursday last, but in such a Manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the Affaires for She has plainly told him, that Love is her Design, but Marriage her Averson. Bless me! What is this Age come to that People can think to make a Pimp of an Astronomer.

There was good plain speaking on the part of Lord Tyrawley when he lay dying, and several of his friends came to visit him. 'Gentlemen', he said, 'I know your reason for visiting me. I have but two things to leave—my regiment and my girl; neither will you get. A Scotsman will get the one and an Irishman the other.

Lord Tyrawley may have left a will like the following:

A WILL.

"The fifth day of May being Airy and Gay,
"To trip not inclined, but of various mind,
"And in bodily Health, I'll dispose of my Wealth,
"As all things I leave, on this side the Grave,
"To someone or other, and I think to my Brother.
"But because I foresaw that Brothers-in-Law,
"If I did not take care would come in for their Share,
"Which I noways intended till their manners were mended,
"Of which there's no sign, I do therefore enjoin
"And strictly command, so witness my hand
"That nought that I've got be brought into hotch pot
"I give and devise as much as in me lyes
"To the son of my Mother, mine own dear Brother,
"To have and to hold, all my silver and gold,
"As the affectionate pledges of his brother John Hedges."

April 28th, 1743.

Fog's Journal published some interesting literature and advice on the death of its organiser; his Cousin Fog took over the work, having been advised to continue its publication for the good of the public.

In 1731 one D'Anvers, and, if I mistake not, one Fog, were accused of seditiously asserting that a crow was black; but the witness on their side had, with infinite wit, proved the black crow to be the whitest bird of all the feather'd kind. Jealousy, it was declared, not only sours the temper, but obscures the understanding. And obstinacy is an advantage to our enemies, a trouble to our friends, and a certain and deadly injury to ourselves. Be these as they may, it is strange how jealous many fathers are of their daughters, and how many obstinate daughters need to elope! Once a love smuggler, being a wholesale linen-draper, near Watling-street, eloped with the daughter of a wealthy merchant. Of course they were pursued and unfortunately overtaken, to the delight of the young lady's father, who dragged the young man from the post-chaise and gave him a most severe drubbing with a cudgel. But this obstinate young lady knew her own mind, and was determined to marry the young man; so

subtle Eve called her fond parent aside and told him that it would neither contribute to his happiness nor her honour to prevent the match, since things had gone too far, as she had already left her home over 12 hours.

The parent took the hint, and became even more anxious to see the pair married than he was to see them separated. They were in all haste joined in holy wedlock; it was then this young lady confessed that the hint she had made was nothing more than an innocent stratagem to gain her parents' consent.

One knows little of the result of these run-away marriages; divorces were hard to obtain, and needed a special Act of Parliament; but they were more easily obtained in China, where one of the most remarkable permits for divorce was 'from any babbing wife', who made herself disagreeable to her husband, even though she might have been long married and the mother of several children.

Another lady had an unhappy sequel to her marriage. Having been prevailed upon to wed with no real affection or real value, she had a very unpleasant experience. A few weeks later two fellows hurried into the house, seized the lady—cries of entreaty were all in vain—her

clothes were pulled off and a stuff gown given her to wear—her head was shaved, and they let her blood, and, almost dead, the smugglers took her away to a madhouse, where she remained three months. Then, at last, her husband received a letter and took her away into the country, where she recovered and, the story adds, ' took Cordial Waters to remove her Discontent '. . (Present day nerves !)

One young girl in a fit of despair threw herself out of the window of her father's house and was dashed to pieces. It would have been better if she had been ' love smuggled ' ; her mother, on hearing the news, promptly picked up a knife and stabbed herself, leaving the father under the influence of mental derangement.

Another ' smuggled love ' was advertised for by the lady's disconsolate parents. If she chose to return to her home all would be forgiven, but if no particular notice was taken of their offer, the least they asked her to do was to ' return the key of the tea chest ' !

There were many disasters in coaches in which the couples often tried to escape—murders on the high roads ; loss of heirs, who just disappeared ; fright to pregnant women ; and death to those who refused to give up their money and jewels. Carriages were not always

safe on account of the roads; one was even upset in Pall Mall.

What ups and downs a Woman feels
In almost every station;
Down went our Heels, up came our Heels,
Talk of a Coronation!!

—*Cœtera Desunt.*

Coaches were often overcrowded, for the driver wanted to make all he could out of his fares. In 1732 the Court of Exchequer gave judgment upon a man for allowing more than six persons to ride on the roof of a coach; he was fined forty shillings. But in spite of many fatal accidents, these state coaches would continue to carry extra numbers outside. The Gosport coach took eleven on the top besides the driver, and nine in the basket. As many as 14 persons, mostly soldiers, were in a coach when it broke down on Snow Hill. Fancy the extra hardship when the snow was often six foot deep; or if the passenger were setting out to a town with an attack of gout, for several persons were lost in these hard winters, and dogs were known to have gone mad from cold.

One of the most amusing results of love smuggling is told from Sandwich. Gangs of men would arrive along the coast armed with long guns and blunderbusses and laden with

tea and oylcase bags. They would then stop at any house at which it took their fancy, terrify the inhabitants, and demand food. This so terrified a family of young ladies of a certain town that they persuaded their mother to let them spend the following winter in London. There Miss Molly was woo'd and won by a vastly rich Turkish merchant, who brought her back to the town in a chariot drawn by six horses, attended by two blacks and a very handsome rutine. " An unlucky accident. There's no bearing this ", cried the bachelor surgeon. " I can assure you ", said the clergyman, " that if something is not soon done all young ladies will want to go to London. Young ladies will be VERY SCARCE, and we county bachelors shall be left to despair and die ".

But why such old bachelors? When Augustus returned to Rome from his wars he received complaint that too many of the young men of quality were unmarried. The Emperor at once assembled the whole Equestrian Order and distributed honours to all the married men. To the bachelors he said their lives and actions had been so peculiar that he knew not by what name to call them, not by the name of men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of citizens, for the city

might perish notwithstanding their care; not by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the Roman name. (Wake up, English bachelors, what about you?)

Music and poetry helped many a young bachelor in his wooing of a spinster when he found himself too nervous to speak.

ON MISS BOYSE, OF CANTERBURY, SINGING.

When first on Laura's charms I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part;
Each feature some new wonder rais'd—
Yet still I kept my heart.

No eager looks desire betray'd,
No sighs confess'd a flame;
In vain the harmless lightn'ng play'd,
I felt myself the same.

But when her tuneful voice I heard,
How sudden was the smart?
Each killing sound new love convey'd,
And ev'ry note a dart.

In vain we hope to 'scape the fair,
Whose charms excel like thine;
Ulysses self, had he been there,
His fate had been as mine.

Unmov'd, 'tis true, he once withstood
The pow'r of Musick's Voice:
He only heard a Syren sing,
Alas! I heard a Boyse!

1743.

Another admirer wrote :

THE LOVER'S ALPHABET.

A. Begins Amour, the Latin for love,
B. Begins Beauty, which that passion does move;
C. Stands for Cupid, that wounder of hearts,
D. For with which he does mischief his Darts;
E. Begins Eyes, which lovers oft name
F. When they raise in their hearts a fierce Flame;
G. Lovers do use to set forth their Grief,
H. Directs you to Hope, the poor lovers' relief,
J. Tells you the Joy blest lovers do find
K. In Keeping their charmers when once they grow kind;
L. Stands for Languish and Lovers' Love Letter,
M. If you are too Modest you'll be lik'd ne'er the better;
N. Tells you that nothing oft true lovers reward,
O. Oaths, to which lovers have little regard;
P. Stands for Pity, Pangs, Passions and Pain,
Q. Quiet, which lovers do hope for in vain;
R. Begins Rapture, Raging and Rove,
S. Sight word much used in making of love;
T. Tells us the ladies torment us and tease,
V. Tells us Variety always will please;
W. For Woman, Wounds, Wonder and Woe,
X. I think is like love, it crosses me so;
Y. End the love letter in writing of you,
Z. Z-ns crys the lover who his pains can't endure.

Then comes Dawson, evidently a young man about town; he seems suddenly to find his need of a wife, so announces his intention of marrying at church and giving a feast later. So he advertises :

BIDDING TO A MARRIAGE.

May no miscarriage prevent my marriage.
To all young women desirous of changing their condition,
I am at present disengaged: and although there be luck in
Leisure, yet, in this case, delays are dangerous; for, with me,
I am determined it shall be first come first served.

So come along lasses
Who wish to be married,
Matt. Dawson is vex'd that
So long he has tarried.

Another merchant advertised for his wedding feast:

> We will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef stuck with rosemary.

If a wedding was solemnized during harvest tiny wheatears were served no bigger than larks, but of finer flesh. These came from Brighton; the saying went:

> "Six weeks or thereabouts they are catch'd there,
> And are well-nigh eleven months God knows where!"

Rhubarb, which had been grown in England for 100 years, was served at table, but it was looked upon with suspicion, and did not come into general sale in the markets until the 20th century.

Perhaps goose was served as well.

How many, one wonders, knows the origin of "When geese do bleed a Michael's Shrine"; and why goose is still served at Michaelmas?

It so happened when the news of the conquest of the Spanish Armada was told to Queen Elizabeth she was eating goose, and hereafter the goose made its annual appearance on Michaelmas Day.

An ode is written by Sir C. Bamfield, Bart., to Dr. Mosley, set to music affettuoso by M. Thalby, Esq., "Nunc est bibendum". This inspiration because Lord Guildford made a secret marriage.

Dear Moseley, what is that d——d squib
The Herald gave? It can't be true
That Frank had thought about Sib
Without consulting me and you?

No! No! He had not had his fill
Of cordial draughts which you prescribe him
To change them for a better pill,
To what no woman's art can bribe him.

Frank ne'er was in so mad a fit,
I'll pledge my soul as well as life,
So long well wedded to his wit,
He'll not choose it for a wife.

Something I've heard you say he had
Of Hydrophobia Symptomatics,
Yet then we never thought him mad
For loathing every cold equatic.

His tests for sparkling liquids craving,
Congenial with yours or mine,
For water set us all a-saving
Whene'er it flow'd instead of wine.

But should he madly joke, no doubt
In penance we must shift one plan;
You, Doctor, will go north about,
I catch a dinner when I can.

The ancestor of Lord Guildeford, one Sir John Kt. of Hemsted, had another reputation, 'for he haled Mistress Roberts of Elfords, Hawkhurst, not kindly to marriage —but by force—to worship in the Parish Church to no purpose'.

Then comes the story of a bachelor advertising for a wife:

> I am a single gentleman who is blest with an Independence, but prefer protection of a Lady—age not exceeding 35, person well shaped, teeth sound and regular, good voice, a stranger to the hackneyed tricks of town: good temper, constancy, a social disposition, engaging manners, a turn to economy, and a lady, of course, must be totally at her own disposal.

Not asking for much, you say, but what did the ladies require? for they, knowing it was their duty to make the most of themselves, would also need someone of this sort:

> Wanted, a gay, smart young Gentleman, not over 35. Good looking, medium height, not jealous—not mean—good rider, good shot, able to keep himself amused, tidy in the house; if there

is no powder cupboard in the home, arrangements to be made with the local barber that all powdering of his periwig and person to be done on the barber's premises. A good citizen he must be, and able to protect his wife and family from smugglers. He must remember age creeps on to everyone, and must make allowances for his wife when she has arrived at years of discretion, which begin at seventeen summers.

Young women were never supposed to marry until they had spun themselves a set of body, table and bed linen—hence the word spinsters.

Mulberry trees had been imported from France by the order of King James I. in order to attempt to produce silk in England. Instructions were freely given to all planters as how to breed and feed silkworms, so the young ladies, having made their own silk, were instructed very early in life in the art of needlework, and their samplers were nearly always finished before marriage.

A lovely sampler was made by Elizabeth Kemp. It was worked with floral patterns, the whole in coloured silks: three lines of letterings, date, and name of worker, all very finely finished. The poetry on the sampler followed:

Industry taught in early days
Not only gains the parents' praise,
But gives us pleasure when we view
The works that innocence can do.

This sold years later for £142.

In days of yore, when seventeen years were gone,
And ladies had the ensuing one begun,
They then without reluctance changed their name,
And in the stead of Miss were called Dame;
But what our ladies covet now is this,
In the old age to bear the name of Miss.

On no account may the husband say in public, 'I must tell you, you talk most confoundedly silly'—as such things are not said, and it may make the man look as if he were silly.

THE MAIDS' COMPLAINT.

By Stephen Clay, Esq.

Custom, alas! does partial prove,
Nor gives us even measure;
A pain to maids it is to love,
But 'tis to men a pleasure.

They freely can their thoughts explain,
But ours must burn within;
We have got eyes and tongues in vain,
And truth from us is sin.

Men to new joys and conquests fly,
And yet no hazards run;
Poor are we left if we deny,
And if we yield, undone.

Then equal laws let custom find,
Nor thus the sex oppress;
More freedom give to woman's kind,
Or give to mankind less.

Wholesome advice was given to ladies who repined for want of a husband. You escape, they were told, the hearing of children's cries. On the nuptial bed you cannot sleep sound for :

The dear, sweet bagpipe of a husband's nose
Prevents the lapse of time in dull repose.

Remember the old proverb :

As your wedding ring wears,
Your cares will wear away.

Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel and unconscious;
When a man talks of love with caution, trust,
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

Through carelessness you may lose your child. At a christening at Beddington, Surrey, the nurse was so intoxicated that after the ceremony she undressed the child and, instead of putting it into the cradle, she threw it behind a large fire, which burnt it up in a few moments. On being examined by the magistrate, she was discharged, as she owned she was so stupid and senseless with drink she mistook the child for a log of wood.

'Did the child die young? Yet if it was fit for heaven it lived till it was old enough.'

Sarah Finch, the midwife, was buried in St. Paul's, Deptford, with the epitaph :

She was an indulgent mother and the best of wives;
She brought into the world more than 3,000 lives.

At this time midwives were licensed to baptize in urgent cases, and were sworn to use no witchcraft nor sorcery. They were given the following instructions :

> When of necessite ye shall chrysten any childe, ye shall use pure and cleane water, nother mixte with use water, damaske water, or otherwise altered or confected. If any childe be deadborn ye shall see yt buried in such sacrite place as nother hogge or dogge nor any other beasts may come at yt !

What had happened to the bachelors—had they all been recruited, or why the forlorn account of the Coquette ?

TAKEN OUT OF THE CANTERBURY JOURNAL, 1773.

THE COQUETTE.

Twice fifteen years their finish'd course had run
Since first fair Celia saw the golden sun,
Who late in all the pride of youth was seen
The fairest nymph that deck'd the flow'ry green.
Blest as she was with every softest grace,
Her wit was keen, excelling fair her face.
Much did the fair her various conquests boast,
The cockscombs idol and the drunkard's toast.
The cruel fair exulted in their pain,
And dying lovers su'd for her grace in vain.
Thus Celia triumphed in each youthful grace
Till time decay'd the beauty of her face.

No longer beam'd such lustre from her eyes,
No more her cheeks display such envy'd dyes.
She can, with heart-felt care, her power decrease.
No more in crowds the beaux contend to please,

No more in sighs their tender plainings move,
No more she's charming and no more they love.
The woe-lorn virgin blam'd her wayward fate,
And thought the mystial was a happy state.
But all in vain each blandishment she spread;
A consort still was wanted to her bed.
Still, tender Celia lived a virgin pure,
And saw (nor could her eyes the sight endure)
Her bloom decay, her roses past their prime,
Untouch'd, but by the iron hand of time.
An ancient maid! in that thought madness lies;
She heav'd a sigh—'tis said she wept her eyes,
And as her cruel stars disdained to hear,
To Hymen she addressed this fervent prayer
While on a velvet hassock low she knelt.
Truth graced her words, for what she spoke she felt.
Oh, Gentle Power! The Friend of Sacred Love,
To a fond virgin's prayer attentive prove.
Whilst others happy grace the nuptial tie,
I am a wretched outcast from its joy;
Say, gracious power! by what severe decree
Thy welcome torch would never blaze for me;
And why must wretched Celia still behold
Her charms decay, her former lovers cold?
It is thy task to ease the virgin's pain—
A willing maid should never sue in vain.
I ask not regal pomp or state to prove;
Ah, vain such joys, my emyshire should be love.
Grant but a peer, a gentle peer, may wed
And take me, long neglected, to his bed;
For well I think a coronet may grace
These charms and deck this yet uninjured face.
But should hard fate in this my wishes slight,
Bind in soft chains some wealthy city knight,
And, for the coronet I ask'd before,
Permit at least the Jauntes coach and four.

But if ev'n yet too lofty I aspire,
Grant me the inoffensive country squire.
What tho' his hounds engage his tend'rest care,
And my soft charms be rivalled by a hare,
Yet happy I may in my chariot roll,
Content is splendour to an humble soul.
But if it is decree'd by niggard fate,
No pomp shall blaze o'er Celia's wedded state,
Nor all the pangs of slighted charms repair
With the poor comforts of a one horse chair;
If it must be my too hard fate to prove,
Like Antony, the world well lost for love,
Grant, angry pow'r, at least this last request,
And in my humblest wishes make me blest.
If no soft state must grace my wedded life,
Make me an honest country farmer's wife.
Grant that his open, generous heart may bless
My humble mind with rural happiness;
And let me, free from care and void of strife,
Enjoy the boasted tranquil country life.
This humblest wish grant me at least, ye powers,
This poor return for all my joyless hours.
Whilst happier females taste maternal joys
In a soft race of lisping girls and boys,
Must I alone cut off from every joy,
Unwoo'd a virgin live, a virgin die?
Forbid it, heaven! The unjust decree removes,
Nor break a heart well form'd for tender love.
But if my humblest wishes you refuse,
For well I know that beggars must not choose,
Yet sure you'll grant this poor, this last request.
To fate I leave indifferently the rest;
Give me, for that at least you have in store,
Give me a *Husband,* and I'll ask no more.

Attigus.

Chapter III

Result of Marriage

Captain of the Fleet.

Skilled to command, deliberate to advise
Expert in action, and in Council wise.

Lieutenant.

To all its rules conformity he paid,
The Service lov'd, and discipline obey'd.

THE following epigram of Martial (translated from the French) was written in honour of the beauty of his wife, Cleopatra, the day after his wedding-night:

When my bright comfort, now nor wife nor maid,
Asham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
Fled to the streams, the streams my fair betray'd;
To my fond eyes she all transparent stood,
She blush'd, I smil'd at the flight covering flood.
Thus thro' the ambient gem shines forth the rose.
I saw new charms, and plung'd to seize my store,
Kisses I snatch'd, the waves prevented more.

From the many letters received by the *Spectator* in the early years of its publication the men complained of vanity, pride and ill-nature in their wives. 'But,' said the *Spectator*, 'the cause of their meanness is in themselves, and he hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy but from want of judgment or temper of the man.' 'At marriage the man's first thought is his wife only as she was to administer to the gratification of

desire : as desire flags, well, without her fault he thinks her charms and her merit abated. He offers no consideration for illness or age, but he that seriously loves his wife and family should put up with trivial home worries and should try to get his pleasure among their joys. On the other side :

' Women employ more pains to make nets than cages.' Much discretion is needed to keep love alive after marriage and to keep conversation new after 20 or 30 years of continual habitation with the same man. It must be the earnest endeavour on both sides and good sense on the part of the man to keep a happy home. Every woman settles her own esteem of man and appreciates gay, lively individuals. ' Look upon children as blessings,' wrote the professor, ' and rejoice in the addition which they make to their species, to their country and their religion. Children and congenial work are the truest sauce of happiness to a man.'

Men did not have it all their own way ; one young lady, on being sued by a gentleman in a Court of Equity for refusing to perform a marriage promise to him, pleaded she had a good reason to alter her mind upon hearing him declare himself an admirer of Farenelli and disapprover of balls, masquerades, and late

hours. 'Already,' she said, 'she doubted not but the Court would think she had had a fortunate escape!'

In that far-off country of China the custom was for a young bride to be led into her husband's apartment on the nuptial night, to find scissors, thread, cotton, and other working materials, laid upon a table, just as a gentle reminder she was to love, labour, and avoid indolence.

A custom still exists, commenced in the days when wars took place between the Moors and the Spaniards, when the women of Fortosa gained great renown. From the ramparts of the town the women performed such acts of valour that Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Barcelona, instituted in 1170 the military order of La Hacha, or the Torch. Among many privileges they obtained, one still exists—that of taking the right hand of the men, be their rank what it will, in their marriage ceremonies. Another ancient custom was for the bride to wear a red or yellow veil to hide her blush of modesty or embarrassment and tears of the young virgin.

An active miller, William Coombe, for many years never went inside his mill owing to a rash statement made one night that if what he asserted was not true he would never

enter his mill again. It proved not true—he kept his vow, directing all business from the top step of his mill. Just before he was married a voice from Heaven called to him: "Will-yam, Will-yam Coombs! if so be that you marry Mary you'll always be a miserable man." But Coombs took no heed to the warning, and had to own later—"I am a miserable man."

Taken from Mary Harvey's autograph album, 1749:

WIDOW'S EPITAPH

Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
In patience wait prepare to die,
And in a short time you'll come to I.

But a wag had written underneath:

I am not grieved, my dearest life,
Sleep on, I've got another wife;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For must I go to bed with she.

What about a poor husband—was he relieved? History relates on the death of a beloved wife he wrote upon her coffin:

Weep'st thou, my dearest! weep no more!
The transient scenes of life are o'er:
New worlds now open to *my* view;
Bliss, Knowledge, Virtue, boundless true!

The following epitaph will make a good companion to those already written :

When poor Sir Balaam lost his wife;
Not the worst loss he had in life;
'Twas written o'er her tomb in Dublin,
' Here the wicked cease from troubling ! '

And when at length Sir Balaam died,
They placed him by his lady's side;
Then added, to complete the jest,
' And here the weary are at rest.'

Much advice was given to young men about to marry in a little book entitled " The Quakers' Spiritual Court," proclaimed and written by Nathaniel Smith, Student in Physic, wherein the author mentions that counsel was given him by Hilkial Bedford, an eminent Quaker in London, who would have him marry a rich widow, in whose house he lodged. In case he could get her, this Nathaniel Smith was promised by Hilkial a chamber gratis.

He that woos a maid must seldom come in her sight :
But he that woos a widow must woo her day and night.
He that woos a maid must feign, lye and flatter,
But———

Private marriages were in those days very frequent. The parsons of the Old Fleet and May-fair churches were noted for their help given to young ' love smuggling ' couples who wished to elope.

They even offered as a bribe that only 5/- need be paid in fees for such as do not take their wedding dinner in the garden; and they strongly advised young ladies to marry when a good husband offers.

There was an ancient custom amongst the Tartars, fortunately now extinct, when a man died for one of his wives to hang herself. At the end of the 17th century a rich Tartar died at Pekin, but a most supplicating request was addressed to the Emperor pleading for the life of the young wife of the Tartar, aged only 17 years, who was prepared to follow her spouse into the unknown. Fortunately, the request was granted on account of the custom being an ancient remain of barbarism.

Chapter IV

Fashions of the Century

Congreve's version of woman is seen in the following verse :

> The pains they cause are many,
> And long and hard to bear;
> The joys they give (if any),
> Few, short, and insincere.

THE periwig became the fashion about middle of the 18th century, and the delight of the dandies was to comb them in public, when they produced most elegant combs for the occasion. One periwig was known to be large enough to have loaded a camel (?), and needed at least a bushel of powder, while the long lace cravat of its owner was agreeably discoloured from top to bottom.

> O Absolom! O Absolom!
> O Absolom, my son!
> If thou had'st worn a periwig
> Thou had'st not been undone!

Periwigs cost as much as £12. To make up and repair with some new hair, £3 10s., and three lbs. of powder, 1/6. The barber then advertised :

> False locks to supply deficiencies of native hair—greasy locks supplied to bolster up the adopted locks, and grey powder sold to conceal dust. Shaves for a penne, cuts hare from toopence and oyld and powdird into the bargain. Beards taken off and registered.

One fair lady, asked how long it was since her hair had been opened, replied—'*Nine weeks,*' to which the barber said: 'That that was as long as the head could go in summer, after that it began to be a little hasarde' (!!)

After the periwig came—

> Sir, do not look so fierce and big,
> It is a modish pigtail wig.

The barber's shop, 1795, advertised:

> With the nicest taste, and by men most exquisite for the professional abilities.

The young men were great dandies about town; one custom was to wear two watches, one on each side: one false, made of silk, brocaded with flowers to imitate an enamel case, and the other we hope kept good time!

TO MISS

ON A WATCH.

While this gay toy attracts thy sight
  Thy reason let it warn,
And seize, my dear, that rapid time
  That never can return.
If idly lost, no art or care
  The blessing can restore.
And Heaven exacts a strict account
  For every mis-spent hour.
Short is our longest day of life,
  And soon its prospects end,
And yet on that uncertain date
  Our future joys depend.

The fashions for ladies were continually changing. One lady, having passed the winter in London, returned to a quiet village in Cornwall with a well-replenished wardrobe. On entering the village church on Sunday with her husband, in the very latest mode of little head-dress and a huge hooped petticoat, she caused such an astonishment that the whole congregation stood up to see her pass along the aisle. Poor old parson; he had to have more reverence among his parishioners, so a notice was posted in the porch: "All ladies who come to Church in the new fashioned hoods are desired to be in their places before the service begins, lest they divert the attention of the conversation."

What would ladies think to-day if they were given 18/6 for a mourning wardrobe? 'Paid for clading of the widow Bernard with a gown, petecoat, bodice, hose, shoes, apron and stomacher, 18/6.' It might suit a twentieth century magistrate who suggested £4 was too much for clothing a child of ten years.

One can excuse Sir Roger de Coverly, who nearly addressed a Madame as Sir, for the lady had advertised a coat, waistcoat, petticoat, hat and feather for sale; but the lady so resembled a man that until he had cast down

his eyes and beheld the petticoat, he could not distinguish the sex. (So history repeats itself.)

When short waists became fashionable, a parody was sung on ' Shepherds, I have lost my love, have you seen my Anna? ' The parody ran :

' Shepherds, I have lost my waist, have you seen my body? ' Poor young ladies; to prevent their stooping too much over their needlework, a long stocking-needle was placed upright on their chests, to which was added a bunch of flowers. But the ladies were useful with their needles, and it was considered quite the correct thing for any girl to make a sampler and also make the home-made linen.

It is said Cupid enters everyone's life at some time or other, so there are many who will be interested in the love legend in our story which comes from the old magnificent manor house of Boys Hall, in Kent, which is full of old oak and has cupboards where you could put a bed and sleep most comfortably. Things were not doing well in the family—money was short and farming was bad. So Sarah, the twin of Edward Boys, the owner of the house, was love smuggled away by William Knowles, the upholsterer, of Canterbury. Since the year 1775, when a householder

was frozen dead in the field, the owner of Boys Hall had taken every precaution to keep out the cold; great fires burned night and day on the hearth of the hall. One Christmas there was an extra large party assembled, including, so the story goes, the Squire from Chart, who had ridden over, with his cousin on a pillion behind him, Mr. Toke, and several others. In the house were the Misses Tappenden, Ellen Scott and Lieut. B., and a guest called Tracy, recently returned from a journey with the host.

The ladies were dressed with large bell-hoops, and head-dress to correspond. B.B., aged 17, had just left school, and became engaged to the eldest son of the house, a youth whose genial blood and comeliness fairly atoned for his lack of brains. The other engaged girl was Ellen Scott, a mere child in appearance, but determined and impulsive. She was the last of the family, all of whom were buried at Brabourne; her lover, Lieut. B., a tall, stalwart fellow, had already seen active service. It was during the Christmas games that Ellen Scott found she was more in love with young Tracy than with Lieut. B.

On New year's Eve, as the old year was dying in silence, the hour of midnight struck.

The old custom must be followed. Who would let the old year out and the new year in? Beware!

> For he who opens first the door
> To let the new year tread the floor,
> Shall see misfortune at the fore.

It was all nonsense, declared Mr. Toke, turning the well-worn key. Tracy was about to pull it open when Ellen Scott stepped forward to lay her hand on his shoulder. But too late! 'Who cares?' shouted Tracy, swinging back the sturdy oak panels.

Ellen, more in love with Tracy than ever, pleaded with Lieut. B. to release her from their engagement. The next morning Tracy was to leave early; already several guests had gone. But what was that shot in the night?

Lieut. B. appeared on good terms with Ellen at the breakfast table, and stated Tracy had gone off early on his favourite horse.

Nine years passed. The old host was dead; nothing had since been heard of Tracy; Lieut. B. and Ellen had married in the end, and he had greatly distinguished himself in the Gordon Riots, 1780. But the marriage was not a success, and for several years they lived abroad.

Another cold winter, and on the 22nd December was heard wailing and sobbing at

the front door, and, on being opened, the fragile Ellen B. was found. She had been wandering round the house, repeating 'He keeps beckoning me.' Not her husband—he was dead; but she wanted her old lover, Tracy. The truth was guessed; her mind was gone. For weeks she lay at death's door, and a small piece of paper was found in her hand from Tracy: 'My darling,—It is not too late. My love is fire compared to his icy heart. I feel you see it. Accept it *now;* if not, it shall follow you as an angel. But when misery comes, its force will be felt as an anguish, and you will, you must, turn to one who by right of preference can claim you.'

So another smuggler was ready to claim a bride.

Was it Tracy who made Ellen have the mad desire to dress up in Christmas things, as she had done nine years before? She certainly escaped from her room at night and made her way up to the old lumber room. A terrible storm was raging, but above the crash of thunder came a yet more piercing shriek with entreaties for help. There, among the old chests, she stood pointing to something that lay between the boards. 'There, I knew I was right; he has been hiding from me. Tracy, why are you here?'

It was the onlookers that now felt alarmed, as from between the rough joists lay the skeleton of Tracy. But Ellen had also found something else—a bullet—which she seized and took to the door of the loft to examine in the light of the lightning. Alas! the door blew open. No one was in time—for, turning her treasure round, she had evidently turned giddy, staggered, and fell into the courtyard below. The twenty-foot fall had caused her death. The doctor came at last, but the REMAINS upstairs surprised him most. They were those of a WOMAN. One must guess the rest; doubtless Lieut. B. and Tracy had agreed to fight a duel, neither really expecting it might prove fatal; they had fought, and one was dead and successfully buried by the other for nine long years.

Ellen B. and Tracy were buried in one coffin in the churchyard by the Chantry Chapel. Upon the flat stone was inscribed: "We see through a glass darkly."

Was this Tracy a member of the family that 'always had THE WIND IN THEIR FACES?'

Chapter V

1714. *Lamb and Rye.*

The Navy may criticise; let the younger generation learn.

IT had been a terrible day for everyone concerned—rain, hail and strong winds; never one moment's calm. Such was the welcome given by the weather to the new King, who could speak no English, and was said to hate the manners and customs of the land where he was destined to live. After a rough crossing, which did not improve his temper, George I., this borish little German, found himself landed at Rye, but unable to proceed to London on account of the weather. He certainly could not have been a very welcome guest at Lamb House, owned by the Mayor of the town, Mr. James Lamb, for that very night a small addition was added to the household. But King George did what he could to let the family remember his visit; he became god-father to the new-born son of his host—blessed him—gave the child his name and a gold cup as a souvenir.

For years Lamb House had been inhabited by a family of the name of Grebells. It was a good, roomy mansion, and had the usual capped doorway and flight of steps. It was here in 1742 the head of the Grebell

family met his death, evidently by mistake for Mr. Lamb, his brother-in-law, into whose possession the property had passed. Mr. Lamb was a strict magistrate, and had passed a severe sentence on a butcher for using false weights. Mr. Grebell had been supping with Mr. Lamb, when, remembering he had business to do in the town, borrowed his overcoat and went out. On returning through the churchyard he felt someone push against him, and, merely remarking "Get away, you drunkard," passed on to Lamb House. Here he reported the incident, and the family retired to bed; but next morning Grebell was found dead in the study stabbed in the back. The butcher had mistaken the man on account of the borrowed overcoat. For many years were preserved in the Town Hall the skull of the murderer and the gibbet from which he had hung upon the marsh outside the town. The inhabitants were well contented with the order of the Judge in this case, but it was not always so; many disorderly acts were committed in the Courts, and the rough class of persons who frequented them were not always satisfied with the verdicts. On one occasion, when two persons were reprieved against the wish of the people, the Court arose, broke the Chancellor's chair in pieces,

and forced him to take shelter in a private stair-case.

In the year 1715 a mob murdered Dr. Lamb, who was in the City of London. His case was very singular. He was accused of rendering a noble lord impotent, and upon this he was indicted at the Assizes, when the jury brought him in guilty, but the Judge refused to condemn him. The case was carried to the King's Bench; while pending there, Dr. Lamb happened to be walking along the streets of London when a storm of wind arose which blew down the tiles of some houses. The mob immediately took it into their heads that the storm was occasioned by the doctor raising the devil, and, having pursued the unfortunate doctor down the streets, at last tore him to pieces. On another occasion, when a man was released from trial from gross cruelty to his wife, the women of the crowd, he complained, 'Scratched him terribly.'

In passing, one must not forget William Lamb, the 16th century London merchant and punnist. The following is said not only to have been written by himself, but to have formed part of his own epitaph in Old St. Paul's Cathedral, where he was buried:

Oh, Lamb of God, which sin didst take away,
And (as a Lamb) was offered up for sin;
Where I (poor Lamb) went from thy flock astray,
Yet thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lamb to win
Home to thy fold, and hold thy Lamb the rein,
That at the day when Goats and Lambs shall sever,
Of thy choice lambs, Lamb may be one for ever.

Not so far from Hastings is a village known as Hawkhurst, and here at Elfords lived Samuel Boys, the High Sheriff of Sussex. He was a most religious, quiet man, very rich, but much disappointed that he had no son and heir to whom to leave his vast fortune. But he had a beautiful, but not very strong, daughter called Elizabeth. Being a high-spirited girl, her father seemed to wish to keep her away from frivolous society. One day, on entering the village church, she was seen by Lieut. Charles Lamb, who promptly fell in love with the maid, and at once asked her father if he might pay his addresses to her. Now, we have read about the Lamb family in a previous chapter, and know the family held quite a good position in Rye. For some reason or other, Samuel Boys flatly refused to let his daughter meet the young Lieutenant; either he did not think the Lamb family good enough, or, having heard of the wild life the naval men lead, he may have wished something more ' refined ' for

his only child. Elizabeth was then in her 19th year, and, not being strong, it was advised to send her to Fairlight Place for a complete change of air.

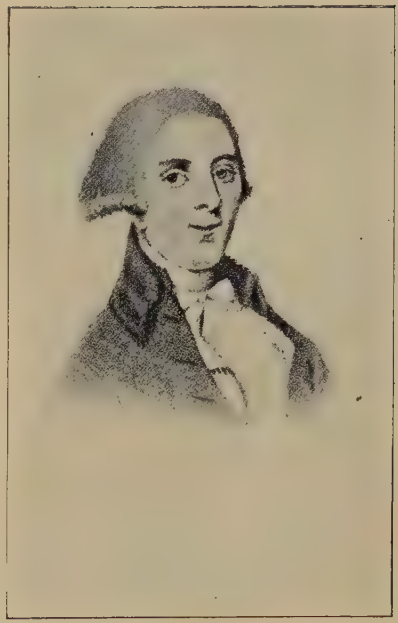
Lieutenant Lamb had done good service in the East Indies for his country, and was now in charge of the revenue cutter "Stag," cruising between Dungeness and Beachy Head. He was also promoted to Captain. Now, from the cliffs at Fairlight Glen is seen a broken stretch of the coast, the cliffs rising to 400—500 feet above the sea level. There is a waterfall at the head of a glen in the cliffs, and what is now known as 'The Lovers' Seat.' There was no suggestion of punishing the fair maid by banishing her from home, nor are we told her governess was jealous of her and wanted to starve her to death, as the governess of poor Grace Naylor had done at Hurstmonceux in 1727. There the girl had been locked in the 'Lady's Bower,' and the jealous governess soon found a way of getting rid of her beautiful pupil by starvation. From the glen Elizabeth found some way of attracting her lover's attention, and from the "Stag" were frequent meetings of the young lovers, while the cutter's men stood waiting on the shore below in case the happy pair should be caught together. There came a

time when love could wait no longer, and, on entering the maid's bedroom one morning, her parents found it empty. Not lost, but smuggled away by the gallant young captain, who took the girl in all haste to London; there, at St. Clement Danes, Elizabeth Boys changed her name to Lamb in the old church where Ben Johnson worshipped in the pew under the pulpit. Her ring was blessed with the old prayer, 'Bless, O Lord, this ring, which we bless in Thy name, that she who wears it may abide in Thy peace and grow in Thy love.'

After the Great Fire a pierced anchor was added to the nave of the steeple of St. Clement Danes.

How John Lamb, the essayist and humourist, must have laughed at his namesake's spirit of adventure. Samuel Boys never forgave his daughter, and legend says he left his vast fortune, amounting to £30,000, to his brother, who died a few months after inheriting it. Legend again says after the man was dead his doctor and valet held his hand and made him sign a will leaving the fortune to them. But neither lived long to enjoy it, for the doctor went mad and the valet was killed.

The Lambs lived happily together for 28



Elizabeth Boys and Charles Lamb
(Married 1786)

years at Salehurst, where they built a house and had one daughter, Elizabeth.

In 1814 Captain Lamb, having quitted his Majesty's Service, while sailing on his yacht in Southampton Water was drowned in trying to save one of his own men in a storm. Elizabeth lived many years, and later in life saw her daughter inherit her grandfather's estate at Elford. But legend wanted to make a good finish to the story, so it added: 'Hearing of the death of her husband, she went to the cliffs and, stretching out her arms and saying—

The shells of the ocean shall be my bed,
That shrimps may wiggle waggle over my head.

she threw herself into the sea.

AN ADDRESS TO VIRTUE BY MISS COLEMAN, OF SANDWICH.

Sweet Virtue, be thou always mine,
And with me ever dwell,
Whether in palaces so fine
Or in a lonely cell.

Ne'er let the harsh, unpleasing sound
Of lewdness reach my ear,
And when I join in pleasure round,
Oh, be thou ever there.

Let modesty with blushing cheek
For ever on me lend,
And let me in sweet innocence
For ever find a friend.

Keep envy, with her yellow face,
Far from my peaceful heart,
And when I hear a sister praised
May I still bear a part.

Ne'er let me with malicious joy
Traduce another's fame;
If from the paths the heedless stray,
Teach me to shun the same.

ON READING THE LOVE ELEGIES, 1742.

Hither your wreaths, ye drooping muses bring,
The short-lived rose that blooms but to decay,
Love's fragrant myrtles that in pathos spring,
And deathless poetry's immortal lay.
And, oh, thou gentlest shade, accept the verse,
Mean tho' it be and artlessly sincere,
That pensive thus attends thy silent hearse;
And steals, in secret shades, the pious tear.
What heart, by heaven, with gen'rous softness blest,
But in thy lines its native language reads,
Where helpless love in classic plainness drest,
Gracefully mourns and elegantly bleeds.

In vain, alas, thy fancy fondly gay,
Trac'd the fair scenes of fair domestic life;
The sportive loves forsook their wanton play
To paint for thee the mistress, friend and wife.
One caught from delicious lips the winning smile,
One from her eyes his little soul inspired,
Then seized thy pen and smoothed thy flowing style,
Then wept and trembled, and with sobs admir'd.
O luckless lover, form'd for better days,
For golden years and ages long ago,
For thee Persephone impatient stays,
For thee the willows and the cypress grow.

Chapter VI

Captain William Boys

HEART OF OAK.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer
To add something more to this wonderful year:
To honour we call you, as free men, not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Chorus: Heart of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men:
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
They never see us, but they wish us away.
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,
For, if they don't fight us, what can we do more?

Chorus.

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubb'd them at sea:
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and King.

Music by Dr. Boyce.

AT the same time as the Lambs were living at Rye a branch of the ancient family of Boys were living at Sandwich. The son, William Boys, as soon as he was old enough, joined the service of the South Sea Company. While thus employed he became 2nd mate of the *Luxborough*

galley, commanded by Captain Kelleway, a fine new ship of 340 tons and 26 guns. After the peace of Utrecht the English obtained the exclusive privilege of furnishing the Spanish colonies with negroes, and a company of merchants was formed for that business under the name of Assients. The *Luxborough* sailed from the Downs 21st Oct., 1725, for the coast of Guinea, and arrived safe at Cabenda, when Captain Kelleway took in 600 slaves. They had a good passage to Jamaica, but lost 203 negroes and 8 white men from smallpox. Their sufferings must have been beyond description, closed down below the decks and in most foul air. After some time preparations were made for the return to England, but on the 26th April, 1727, in the night, the weather was so bad they had to take out the whole cargo and heave-to the ship. There is a record of the slaves and prisoners being so grateful for all the English officers had done for them that, when the vessel was thought to be sinking, they asked the officers to save themselves and their men, and leave the prisoners to their own fate.

On the 23rd May, 1727, they sailed from Jamaica to London, and on the 25th June were again near Crooked Island. Just before lunch that day the captain's cook discovered flames

through lining of the forecastle. Two black boys had been sent to draw off a little rum for the boatswain and carpenter, when, observing some liquor on the deck, out of unhappy curiosity to discover whether it were spirit or water, put a candle to it, and in an instant the whole was in a blaze. In a very short time it was found necessary to leave the ship, as nothing could save it. Sixteen men tried to launch the long boat, but without success, and they perished at the end of three hours when the powder room took fire and exploded; the vessel was then about 120 leagues from land. One boat was successfully launched, and 22 men and boys crowded into her, only to find that it was absolutely destitute of provisions—not even an atom of food or anything to drink; but it had three oars and a piece of a blade of an oar, a rudder, a tiller, some rope yarns, a calking mallet, some small nails, a part of a pewter basin, a needle, and some twine. Captain Kelleway had in his pocket a snuff box full of Spanish snuff, which, when he had emptied, he gave to William Boys. Unfortunately, many years after, this box was stolen from the owner by a servant, and was never traced. The sensation of hunger was not so urgent with these shipwrecked men as the constant endeavour to

alleviate the torment of thirst. After the death of several of the crew it was suggested by the surgeon, Mr. Scrimfour, a man of the utmost humanity, that it was necessary to resort to the eating of part of the dead bodies and drinking their blood, and, resolute to set an example, ate the first mouthful himself, but at the second mouthful turned his face away and wept. On the seventh day, in the forenoon, only 12 were left of the crew. July 7th they all took formal leave of each other and lay down at the bottom of the boat covered with a bit of sail.

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee.
> —'*Toplady.*'

Their prayers were heard. In the afternoon Wm. Boyes shifted his position, and suddenly cried 'Land, land.' Life again seemed to return to the men who were left alive; two more had died and were thrown overboard, and with a favourable wind, a little sail, and two part oars at work, they were sighted by a vessel which at first took them for Indians. At 8 p.m. they were helped ashore at Old St. Lawrence harbour, Newfoundland. The surgeon said he did not think any of them had slept since they left the *Luxborough*. Captain Kelleway, after being speechless for

30 hours, died the following morning. No one could walk for eleven days, and their sufferings were most acute. July 2nd the party commenced their return to England, where they arrived at Bideford harbour October 1st. The boat in which they spent their terrible adventure was built at Deal, 1725; she was 16 feet long and 5 feet 3 ins. broad, and only 2 feet 3 ins. deep, with eight streaks, pretty sharp for rowing well, and made to row four oars. Of the five survivors, Thomas Scrimfour, the surgeon, died aged 80 years; William Batten, always unfortunate, was drowned; William Gibbs, the carpenter, died master of a man-of-war at Lisbon, 1735; Robert Kelleway, nephew of the captain, died mate in the *Essex Indiamani;* and George Mould, seaman, died at Greenwich Hospital, aged 82 years. In a room off the Painted Hall at Greenwich are still to be seen a series of paintings depicting the adventures of the party after the shipwreck; they originally hung in the library of Dr. William Boys, of Sandwich, son of Captain Boys.

Another vessel, the *Dampier,* also had a very perilous voyage. During these wild searches that navigators were making the crew found themselves out at sea, far from shore, and in need of the necessaries of life;

insomuch, they began to look, not without hunger, at each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. The captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carrion, but the unhappy boatswain was in real danger of being the only man worth eating. In short, it was soon agreed the boatswain must be cut up; but, seeing their intentions, he decided to speak a few words before they began, and thus gain time: 'Gentlemen sailors. Far be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own, but I take it that I should not die with a good conscience if I did not confess to you that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own that Black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat; and—I speak it with shame—I am afraid, gentlemen, I should poison you.' This speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon, who was evidently very hungry, replied he had cured the man very well, and offered to cut and eat the first steak of the boatswain himself. Fortunately for the man, a gale suddenly arose, and all attention was needed for the ship, which succeeded in reaching

shore the following morning, and the boatswain's life was saved. This surely was the last attempt of cannibalism in our land, a custom which must have died out with the ancient Welsh. Gwrgi Garwlwyd, the Welsh warrior, after tasting human flesh in the Court of Edylfled, the Saxon King, became so fond of it that it is said he would eat no other flesh. He and the Saxon King made secret incursions upon the Cambrians and captured a male and female to eat daily.

Another case of prevented cannibalism is reported of a famishing crew, the survivors of the shipwrecked *Droits de l'Homme*. Looking at each other with cannibal eyes, they were on the point of casting lots when the sky cleared, the sea subsided, and a French man-of-war was able to go to their assistance. It had been a terrible wreck, but in consideration of their sufferings and the help given by the men in saving many lives, the English prisoners were sent home in a cartel without ransom or exchange.

It was not a pleasant experience to be shipwrecked on a desert island, especially if you could not keep on good terms with your only companion. Not only might you get eaten, but easily killed. There is a story of two Spaniards being shipwrecked on an island

where they were the only two white men. After a time they quarrelled between themselves and got the natives to give them two old razors, which they fastened to the end of long sticks and fought one another until the most fortunate one had severed the jugular vein of his opponent.

In the autumn of 1731 William Boys turned his thoughts to marriage, and chose for his bride Elizabeth, a daughter of Captain Pearson. It may be remembered that Captain Pearson, while on H.M.S. *Serapis,* a man-of-war, was successful in capturing Paul Jones, the noted Scottish pirate. When in command of a British convoy near Scarborough he had fallen in with a frigate, *Bon Homme Richard,* which carried 40 guns and 370 men. Pearson at once gave chase and overtook the frigate, the vessels coming so close to each other that the muzzles of the guns touched each other's side for two hours at 8-30 p.m. The *Serapis* was ten or twelve times on fire; nearly everyone on the quarter deck was killed or wounded, and Pearson had the painful duty of ordering the colours to be struck. But he had upset the enemy's cruise, for which he received from the Royal Assurance Company plate valued at a hundred guineas.

In the year 1741 William Boys entered the King's Service, and was given command of the fireship *Etna*. Orders were given at Deptford to prepare two bomb-vessels as soon as possible for a voyage to New England. These ships, when loaded, held 25,775 lbs. of gunpowder, so it can be seen with what care the officer in charge was put to to see the vessels were properly loaded. When one reads a slight shock of an earthquake which was felt in London blew up the powder mills containing six hundredweight of powder at Hounslow, one realises how tightly a vessel had to be packed on a fireship in case of rough seas. The first gun-powder factories were established by George Evelyn in Queen Elizabeth's reign at Long Ditton, near Wotton.

A treasure vessel, the *Raven,* captured by Lord St. Vincent, was docked at Deptford; in fact, it was practically put into quarantine, for from the vessel had been stolen 4,000 ounces of platina, which came from South America. This metal was described as of the colour of silver and one-eighth more heavy than gold. None had ever been seen in Europe before, and its disappearance caused great dissatisfaction among those who had secured such a prize. No wonder pawnbroker shops

are said to have originated in the seafaring village of Deptford. It was only natural the sailors would want to sell any treasures they had brought home from their journeys.

"Who dwells at yonder three golden balls
Where poverty so often calls,
Guarding her offerings in his walls?
My UNCLE."

Floating docks had been established in 1716, and were of great need at Deptford, where so many vessels were fitted up, including the ships of Byron, Cook and Vancover; this all increased trade, but it was not until more recent years that the dockyard became a cattle market and part was converted into a victualling yard for the Navy. Halley's diving apparatus then came into general use. The English public feeling rebelled against the restriction of the Peace of Utrecht, one of the terms being that England was forbidden to send more than one merchant ship yearly to trade in the Spanish colonies. A sailor named Jenkins had his ear cut off by a Spaniard while the English ship was being examined. The ear he wrapped in cotton wool and displayed this horrid sight to his fellow countrymen, which at once caused a commotion. Walpole said it was an insult to England, and promptly declared war. Of

course there were losses on both sides; many an honest sailor and many a fine ship found a watery grave. Fancy with what delight the descendants of the early settlers must have welcomed an English vessel at Virginia. Luke Boys had been one of the first to leave England and settle there, his wife following soon afterwards; unfortunately, for a time she was captured by the Indians, but returned a few days later in most gorgeous apparel, and none the worse for her adventure. A few years later, when the French found the Indians suffering from smallpox, they declared the English had imported distemper among the natives with the sole object of exterminating the whole tribes. In their ignorance they spread the report in France, and it was one of their reasons for desiring peace, as they said if the Englishmen could spread distemper to the Indians, they could certainly commence spreading distemper in France. In the West Indies, with orders to co-operate with the Spaniards against us, was the French Admiral, Du Casse, with a squadron of four ships of the line and one frigate. Benbow sailed to bring him into action with the English squadron. Now Captain Fog, on the *Breda,* and the other captains appear to have treacherously agreed

to avoid action with the enemy in order to vent their spite upon their brave but brusque commander. Before Benbow died of his wounds he received a letter from Du Casse which cheer'd up his spirit. It ran :

> Sir,—I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin; but it pleased God to order it otherwise. I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly Captains who deserted you, hang them up, for, by God, they deserve it.
>
> Yours, Du Casse.

Captain Fog was court-martialled, but forgiven on account of other good work he had done in the Navy. The Spanish galleons and treasure ships were docked at Deptford; one rich one, captured by Admiral Anson after attacking the Spanish American Settlements in the Pacific Ocean, was here under strong guard. On this occasion J. S. Harvey wrote his sonnet:

On Mr. Pope's dying just as Admiral Anson returned with the Spanish Treasure.

> Great Anson from the Spanish shore
> Had scarce convey'd his treasure o'er,
> When death, to make reprisals seen,
> Stole Britain's treasure (Pope) to heaven.
> A cruel death, in league with Spain,
> Could we thy city hope;
> We'll give thee millions back again
> If you'll return us Pope.
>
> *J. S. Harvey.*

Pope may have liked poetry, but he had no ear for music, and although he would sit and listen to his friend Handel's compositions, he let the composer know it gave him no pleasure.

In 1743 William Boys rose through his own energies to the rank of Captain in the Navy, and was appointed to the *Baltimore,* and a short time after to the frigate *Greyhound.* It was a good thing that Friewald's ventilator was now invented for hospitals and barracks on land, the machine being placed in a garret from which pipes came down through the ceiling into each room, and this drew off all the unwholesome air and stench. Then the invention passed to the man-of-war and hospital ships, where, placed on the upper deck over the hatchway, it drew out the foul air and instantly supplied fresh. What a joy to the naval man. Fresh air was a great luxury in those times; many windows were bricked up on account of the window tax, and in the Courts in 1750 an urgent message was sent from the Lord Chief Justice Lee to attend a Court of Aldermen to state the absolute necessity of some new regulation for air for Newgate Gaol, or that it would be dangerous for persons to attend the business of the Sessions at the Old Bailey. To the message was added a list of 20 persons that were at

the previous Sessions, and had since died 'as though from the noisome stench of the prisoners.'

The *Fleuron* was blown up in 1745, with most of the officers and men. The powder had been ordered to be put on SHOAR, but the gunner had fraudulently reserved six barrels, and a sailor, not knowing, went along the deck with a candle and the powder took fire as the vessel was being pursued by the French, thus giving away one of the newest and best of the English ships without any necessity. A court martial was held at Portsmouth, including Capt. W. Boys, H. Harrison and John Hardy. It was also a good thing for the men on ships that Edward Jenner had invented vaccination, for though many were against it at first, it did much to obliterate smallpox. Surgery was also ascending by leaps and bounds, while barbers found their trade descending from the professional class, as it cannot be forgotten that timid little King Louis XIII. of France spent hours at making and unmaking fashions in hairdressing, and, when customs changed, arranged the toilets of all his courtiers.

John Hunter, an educated Scotch boy, did not really begin his great surgical career until he had been soldiering in Portugal, thirty

years before his death. Then he was known as the greatest surgeon of his century. What would he have thought of the invention of the pneumatic drill for surgeons at Guy's Hospital designed by Dr. Ogilvie?

But we must not run too far away from our naval tale. While Captain Boys was in command of a vessel patrolling in the Indian Ocean, a bad tornado arose, and the unfortunate man lost his false teeth. Imagine his surprise on his return to England to find the Admiralty, who have never been known to be too generous, had decided to pay for a new set of teeth.

DEFINITION OF A DENTIST
(translated from the French).

A dentist, love, makes teeth of bone
For those whom fate has left without;
And finds provision for his own
By pulling other people's out.

After the French had met with several disasters, and the important battle of Minden deprived them of all hopes of gaining possession of Hanover, their sole hopes now centred in their fleets at Brest and Dunkirk, of which the former was blocked up by Admiral Hawke, and the latter by Commodore Boys. They had hoped the winter storms would send the English fleets back to their own harbours for safety, and thus give them

a chance of crossing the Channel and landing on the British coast. Fortunately for them, a violent storm and gales of wind found the English squadrons compelled to withdraw from the coast for safety. Thurot, the gallant French Commander, seeing the result of the storm, immediately escaped from Dunkirk and made his way north, finally eluding the vigilance of Commodore Boys by entering into the port of Götenborg, in Sweden, where he was compelled to stay a considerable time on account of the weather with his five frigates. Directly Boys found his prisoners had escaped, he set off in hot pursuit, and on Feb. 15, 1759, an express arrived from Edinburgh with advice—Commander Boys, with eight men-of-war, was victualling in Leith road with all expedition in order to go in quest of Mons. Thurot's squadron, who were thought to be in the North Sea.

Having at last met with success in chasing the French squadrons, Boys for a short time commanded the *Royal Sovereign*. He had evidently the help of his kinsman, John Boys, as the following letter shows:

Sir,

I cannot find a man fit to recommend for an Armourer's Mate, but as I have given leave to the Armourer's Mate that was appointed to go to London for a few days on his private affairs,

I have ordered him to look out for one that is fit, and if he finds one that upon examination is found to be qualified, I shall be obliged to you if you'd get him appointed and send him down.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
J. BOYS.

Royal Sovereign, Chatham,
May 4th, 1756.

7th May, 1756,
Read.
W.K.L.

Mrs. Thomas Hartwell acquainted herewith.

" From ship dismissed, their pockets full of pay,
Thus the tars squander years of toil away."

Chapter VII

1750. *Commodore Boys and Greenwich Hospital.*

'*Commodore*:

Studious of fame, the gallant Commodore
Hoists his broad pennant and forsakes the shore.

'*Surgeon of the Fleet*:

Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
In fame's bright list his victories record.

'*Assistant Surgeon*:

To him your sickly state you must refer,
Your charter claims him as your visitor.

'*Chaplain of the Fleet*:

I'm teaching how to DIE, his precepts give
The truest, wisest lessons how to LIVE.'

ABOUT the year 1750 William Boys took over the post of Commodore to his Majesty's ships in the Thames, and found plenty of work to do. On one occasion a mutiny broke out among the men of a vessel just as she was ready to start on a cruise; some officers and men declared the vessel was not seaworthy, and should go back to dock to be repaired. They were offered half-an-hour in which time to report themselves; at the end of twenty minutes they all agreed to return. Twelve ringleaders were seized and put in irons, and all punished for

having flogged some of the mariners because they refused to join in the mutiny. Many of the men had already served abroad, and would have preferred staying at home. So they sang :

> Now the wars are all over,
> Faith I'll live in clover;
> I've enough of this pelf
> For my friends and myself.

And some looked at the young ladies and found :

> See Miss and Madam lay their snares;
> Painted faces,
> Studied graces;
> All for catching unawares
> Flights of gamesome lovers.
> Madam plays the harpsicole,
> and squalls affected rigmarols;
> While Miss is dancing reels and drolls,
> New steps for lures discovers.

In the reign of William the Third little attention was given by him to the Navy; he was so much absorbed in military affairs, and the nation is indebted to Queen Mary for the conversion of the Royal residence into the noble institution of Greenwich Hospital. Sir George Rodney had been an excellent manager, and made one change for the comfort of the pensioners that clashed with the discipline of Commodore Boys. For some unknown reason these old men were not

allowed any great coats except by special favour, and Rodney had found them shivering with cold during the hard frosts and cold winters. Many applications had been made to former Governors, but with no result, but, with the more humane Governor, an order was given for the men to have coats. This arrangement so clashed with the spartan discipline of Commodore Boys that he took the matter to the Board. The rebuke of Sir Rodney administered to Boys is described as worthy of the speaker :

> " I have," he said, " the greatest respect for you as a man, who by the greatest merit has raised himself from the station of a foremast man to the rank of Admiral,[1] a circumstance which not only does you the highest honour, but would have led me to have expected you as an advocate instead of an opposer to such necessary indulgence. Many of the poor men at the door have been your shipmates, and once your companions. Never hurt a brother sailor, and let me warn you against two more things; the first is, in the future not to interfere between me and my duty as Governor; and the second is, not to object to these brave men having overcoats, whilst you are so fond of one as to wear it by the side of as good a fire as you are sitting by at present. There are very few young sailors who come to London without paying Greenwich Hospital a visit, and it shall be the rule of my conduct, as far as my authority extends,

(1) A complimentary exaggeration. Boys was never an Admiral.

to render the old men's lives so comfortable that the younger shall say when he goes away, 'Who would not be a sailor to live as happy as a prince in his old age?' " (1)

(From "The Life of Lord Rodney," by Major-General Mundy.)

The sufferings of Commodore Boys that he had endured may have hardened his heart in granting indulgences to his inferiors, but, considering all we know of the man and his family, this seems something which has not and never will be accounted for. The Rev. A. L'Estrange stated that Boys was originally a *common* sailor, and had worked his way up as a credit to his country, but we must surmise L'Estrange did not know the records of the ancestors of the Commodore!!

An amusing story is told of the Greenwich pensioners. If they broke the hospital rules they were made to wear yellow-sleeved coats, Sundays included. Some strangers visiting the hospital, noticing some men in the distinguished garments, asked them who they were. " Oh, don't you know, Sir? We are the Governor's band," replied the man.

Many cruel amusements and sports were practised in these times, among them being the sport of cock-throwing, which took place

(1) From this time every pensioner was allowed a great overcoat.

in the streets. This inhuman sport of throwing at cocks was practised at Shrovetide, and generally at the grammar schools. The birds were tied to a short cord, and the men and boys threw at it at a distance of only 20 yards; twopence for three shies was the general bid given to the owner of any bird until it was dead. Talking about birds reminds one of another story. A cousin of Boys was the Rector of Ivy Church on the Marsh, where an Archdeacon was surprised, on entering the church, by a dead owl falling on him, and, on looking up, his eyes saw the text, 'How awful is this place.' Owls of Rome were looked upon as birds of ill-omen.

> The Roman Senate, when within
> The city walls an owl was seen,
> Did cause their clergy, with lustrations
> (Our Synod calls humiliations),
> The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
> From doing town and country hurt:
> And if an owl have so much pow'r,
> Why should not planets have much more,
> That in a reign far above
> Inferior fowls of the air move
> And should see further, and foreknow
> More than their augury below?

In the year 1760 Commodore Boys was given the post of Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital under Sir George Rodney, for after his many years of labour in the

country's service he could not be expected to do much more seafaring. To him, as to many other old pensioners, the old collect was answered :

> O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life until the shades lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work is done; then, Lord, in Thy mercy, grant us a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last.

Commodore Boys died at the age of 74 years, and was buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery at Deal. From the year of his escape from the *Luxborough* till the year of his death he annually observed 13 days as sacred in memory of God's goodness to him; he would abstain from food, and even sunlight, and to a certain extent from conversation, while most of the time was spent in returning thanks to God for his preservation. On being made a Commodore he had made for his seal the motto :

Fire, Water and Famine by Providence preserved.

While here at Deal we're lying with our noble Commodore

We'll spend our wages free, boys,
And then to sea for more :
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
In war we'll never fly;
Here's health to George the King, boys,
And the Royal Family.

WRITTEN IN A GREAT STORM IN THE YEAR 1773.

Great God of Wonders, take the vow
  Thy humblest servant makes,
Who feels Thy power when storms arise,
  And when the whirlwind shakes.

Who knows and owns that Sovereign Power
  While tempest rage around;
Who sees Thee in the lightning blaze,
  Fears in the thunder's sound.

Protect him in the direful night,
  When hundreds drop to death;
Spare Thy best blessing, spare the sight,
  Nor snatch the fleeting breath.

O spare his tenderer, better parts,
  The wife, the children, save;
Nor pierce their unoffending hearts,
  Deep with the vivid wave.

So shall they live to sing Thy praise
  And bless the bounteous hand
Which turned the lightning's keenest ray
  And bade the thunder stand.

Immortal Power! to Thee we owe
  Protection from the grave,
And, like the Addison, we know,
  Thou are not slow to save.

Finis.

John Boys.

When that great Admiral, Richard Kempenfelt, was about to retire and end his days as Governor of Greenwich Hospital,

fate was against him. On the 29th of August, 1782, the *Royal George* was flying the flag of her Admiral when something went wrong with a pipe far below the water line while she was being fitted up at Portsmouth in haste to go to the relief of the garrison of Gibraltar. The ship was full of wives and families of the men saying good-bye the night before she was to sail. The leak was nearly mended when a sudden squall took the ship on the raised side, the lower deck ports to leeward having unaccountably been left open, and in eight minutes her rotten old timbers suddenly gave way and she sank, carrying Admiral Kempenfelt and about 1,200 souls, including 300 women, to the bottom of the sea. Two hundred were saved by going out on the top sail yard, and seventy more were picked up by the boats, including four lieutenants and eleven women.

It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

At the end of the 18th and very beginning of the 19th century Greenwich Hospital had

come more like an infirmary than a home for old sailors on account of the many wounded men who returned from the wars, and there were often smugglers amongst them. A farmer living in the neighbourhood complained terribly of the constant loss of his geese, but could never trace the thieves, till one night the cackling was so great he hastened up, and, recognising the uniform of the pensioners, cried: "There goes my geese—there goes my geese!" and the name stuck to the pensioners for ever after.

In 1796 a cricket match was played at Montpelier Gardens, Brighton, between eleven of the Greenwich pensioners, each minus an arm, and eleven yellow companions each wanting a leg; 5,000 assembled to watch this match of the old veterans of the sea, but although it lasted for the afternoon, neither side could claim the victory,

> But much in favour of the Timbertoes, as never to be recovered by the dint of arms.

Chapter VIII

Recruits

RULE BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants, ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame
To work *their* woe and *thy* renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject *main,*
And every shore it circles *thine.*

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Music by D. Arne, 1740.

1761. *Admiral Sir Edward Hughes.*

IN July, 1761, Captain Hughes, a friend of Commodore Boys, returned to London with an account of the surrender of Pondicherry. The King cancelled his ride and joined in the general welcome. A great Court was held; guns fired from St. James's Park and the Tower; bonfires at night, and the East India House was fully illuminated. As a younger man Hughes had joined the *Warwick* in 1747, and tried for a supernumerary for a passage to North America and the West Indies. On his way his vessel, accompanied by the *Lark,* met the Spanish 70-gun ship, *Glorioso.* A sharp engagement followed, and the *Warwick* was disabled, being unsupported by the *Lark,* and the *Glorioso* escaped. The captain of the *Lark* was condemned by court martial, and Hughes promoted to the vacancy of the *Lark,* 1750. In the year 1777 he was made a Rear-Admiral of the blue, and created Knight of the Bath; he immediately went off again to sea with six ships of the line, including his flagship, the *Superb,* with 74 guns, in which he had many victories over the French. Later, he sailed to Ceylon and on to Madras, where he re-fitted his vessel. About 1782 Admiral Hughes received word from the Governor of Ceylon that the French had left

Cuddalore and gone southwards; Hughes replied he was not responsible to the Governor for the management of the fleet, and insinuated he would not be interfered with; but later in the day one of his own frigates confirmed the news. Then he realized Trencoma might be in danger, and he put to sea 20th August. But these old hulks of ships could not be moved unless there was some wind; if there was only a fair wind they scarcely moved; also they had to wait for tides to get out of harbours.

DEAD CALM IN THE TROPICS.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea!

By the time Hughes had left the harbour it was September 2nd. Trencoma had fallen into the hands of the French two days before, and the next morning, as he stood in towards the north of the harbour, he was disagreeably surprised to see the French flag suddenly hoisted. For a time the fleets separated, as on November 1st a hurricane swept them over the roadstead and forced them to sea. The *Superb* and the *Exeter* were dismasted and more or less damaged, so that Hughes shifted his flag to the *Sultan,* and by slow degrees the fleet gathered at Bombay. It is reported that the Lieutenant of the *Severe* confined the Captain in his cabin and fought the ship at the risk of his life, firing on and raking the *Sultan,* without showing any colours, and then got amongst his own ships. Useless fighting continued. Hughes raised the blockade and withdrew to Madras, where he soon received news of peace between the countries. There is no other instance in naval

history of two fleets thus fighting five battles within little more than a year, with no clean advantage to either side. The French were really the victorious party, but they were unable to reap the harvest on account of the cowardly and mutinous behaviour of their crews and the skilled courage of Admiral Hughes and his comrades. He had saved Bengal, and from the *Superb* he sent home his dispatches, saying : ' It is with particular pleasure I have to acquaint their Lordships that the officers and men of the five ships, engaged against so superior a force of the enemy, behaved through the whole action with the greatest steadiness and bravery.'

Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a portrait of this famous Admiral, which now hangs in the Painted Hall, Greenwich.

While Admiral Sir Edward Hughes was sailing round the West Indies, by accident he had the misfortune to lose an eye, which was pierced by a table fork.

Parliament had at last begun to take an interest in naval matters. Since the time of the Dutch Wars, when Charles I. had visited Chatham and had been not only over every vessel in port, but had gone into nearly every room and into most of the holds of them, nobody had really looked into things. It

is wonderful how England always came up top.

Deptford was still in disgrace because of the quality of the materials which had been sent out for the new hospital at Gibraltar, and an enquiry was held. So much iron was stolen from Woolwich that it was decided to do work by contract. But this failed; contracts were too high, and the Admiralty found it cheaper to allow theft. Smuggling seems to have increased with gross acts of cruelty; houses were burnt, and murder a most common occurrence. People's nerves were on edge with the terrible accounts they heard of the French Revolution, where during the Reign of Terror 2,000 people were guillotined. Happily, it had terminated with the execution of Robespierre, but still one could not be sure what Napoleon might do if he got a chance of landing on the English shores.

What would Pitt have done under a petticoat Government?

May the rumour that females are call'd to the helm
Be an omen of prosperous times to the realm;
Which, we all must allow, has had cause to bewail
That our administrations of late have been—male.

Pitt received information that the dockyards were without discipline or control, and the nation criticised him for his want of discretion

in giving officers jobs at the Admiralty. A commission was sent to investigate, and it found one waterman had made £5,000 by purchases from the workmen in the Deptford dockyard! Presents of wine were found to have been given freely to the clerks, and men stopped work regularly half-an-hour before their closing time.

When Jack the Painter was condemned at Portsmouth yard for arson, he said in his confession he had never been challenged while walking about any of the dockyards, including the Kentish ones.

All old wooden wharves were now rebuilt with brick to ensure greater safety against fire; when men went on strike, the ringleaders were immediately punished. Dockyard fees, bribes, officers' premiums, amounting to thousands of pounds, were stopped; extra guards were placed on the docks, and all vessels were ordered to be more closely guarded.

The spirit of luxury was in the country, but there was also a tremendous lot of poverty on account of the numerous taxes, which brought distress to many households. After the South Sea Bubble had burst, and the managers of balances, as they called themselves, who dealt in bulls and bears, continued their markets with some honesty as well as

dishonesty. The speculators met in Jonathan's Coffee House in Change Alley, as it was not until 1802 that the new house was made for the Stock Exchange; even then it had little ventilation until the end of the 19th century, when a benevolent old member suggested ventilators inside the walls of the house. When these were finished, members were so thankful at the change of atmosphere that they took the member and sat him on the top of each one in turn.

With all the money spent on luxury, yet the cry of the country was, ' When was there ever a greater appearance of poverty in all parts of the kingdom? When were rents worse paid? When were farmers worse paid, or so many farms given up? And when were so many made bankrupt or so much distress in private families? '

More recruits had to be found for the Navy and Army. The officer in command of the camp at Brighton issued an order that the use of flour for the privates will be dispensed with during the present scarcity of wheat!

At a public house in Fleet Street, where it was thought boys would be found as recruits, it was discovered it was a regular market kept for teaching young boys to pick pockets and tell lies.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
The fault that needs it most grows two thereby.

George Herbert (*Welsh*), 1633.

Letter from a common man in the Army giving his reasons why he wished to leave the Service:

Ramsgate,
February 11th, 1778.

Sir,

My uncle, Mr. Jedderisk, has inform'd me of your benevolent sentiments in my favour, that you propose to imploy your interest for my discharge, for that reason request me to commit to paper the motives of my desire to relinquish a military life. Your request, Sir, is undoubtedly very proper for the man that wishes to change his profession merely thro' levity of mind must certainly be a very useless member of society, and so far from meriting encouragement deserves to be branded with the infamous appellation of a worthless fellow. My education, tho' not liberal, was ingenuous; I was early taught the natural equality of mankind, to consider the various distinctions of rank, grandeur, riches as merely artificial and invented for the purpose of society. I look upon the human soul as an object of veneration whether in the King or in the beggar. It was not choice that determined, but accident that forc'd me to the profession of arms, and during the space of something more than two years that I have been in the Army my notions of liberty and the dignity of human nature have been shock'd by daily instances of violence and oppression. The Army I observe is the school of tyranny. A great number of men are considered

—nay, what is more shameful, learn to consider themselves—as purely automatic machines calculated to fulfil the pleasure and justify the caprice of a few.

How far this doctrine prevails among the gentlemen of the sword I myself am a pretty convincing instance. I thought proper to exercise one of the most essential rights—I will not say of a Briton, but of a man—and was treated like a malefactor. But whatever my inclinations are, I have now entered into an engagement which will not permit to think of a military life any longer. I am married, and the comforts, the duties of a married life, and the vagabond, uncertain life of a soldier are absolutely incompatible; of this the wise and humane legislator of the Jews was so well convinced that he ordain'd that the man who had married a wife should be exempt from the fatigue of war for the space of a year (Deut. 29, v. 27), and that even when they were surrounded by the more inveterate enemies, and their existence and nation in dispute. We are not, thank God, reduc'd to the wretched necessity of contending for our lives or liberties. Our contest, as I take it, are only for power, and I confess myself extremely reluctant to sacrifice my life or happiness to the ambition of what is call'd a great man.

These, Sir, are the reasons that induce me to desire I might be serviceable to society in some other line of action. If my desires appear to you to be well-founded I shall think myself happy in your countenance and approbation.

I am, Sir,
Your much obliged
Humb. Servt.
(Name torn out).

'Let us keep the rank in which God and nature have placed us,' said the Captain, 'without being churlish or effeminate. This is the best way to get and retain the esteem of that nice sex who hate a clown and despise a dotard!'

'May God preserve thee from the common vices of a soldier's life, and have thee in his holy protection and custody at the hour of evil at all times. I pray Heaven defend thee from all sorts of plague and vermin, but especially from monsters in human shape. Remember that which is divine in us returns to that which is divine in the universe. You are resolved of your course in life; be a contented and patient soldier.'

A dockyard regiment was formed in case of a sudden invasion, but drilling every alternate Sunday became a farce, as a quarrel arose between the master shipwright and the clerk of the cheques as to whom was to be senior officer. The Thames wherrymen had a special position, and were expected to find recruits. Pitt offered advice to all magistrates, telling them to recruit all idle, disorderly people who 'had no visible means of livelihood, as they might find many able-bodied men among them lurking round the Metropolis.' A very general search was made up the river Thames

at nights. Within three days the pressmen had secured 500-600 seamen and a crowd at Deptford of all sorts. Wilful murder was pronounced against two lieutenants of the Navy who had caused two unfortunate men to be killed in the affray of the press gang.

The recruits must have taken some teaching, but they certainly did not approve of Pitt's way of making them join up; so, when it was discovered 18 men had been confined in a house and chained together and handcuffed, the mob thought it best to let Pitt know what they thought about the matter; so off they went to Downing Street and broke all his windows. Then the Guards were called out.

Things really had come to a pretty pass in the Army, for the Duke of York ordered a circular to be sent to all the Colonels of all regiments desiring them to let him know the number of Captains in each regiment under 12 years of age, and of Lieut.-Colonels under the age of 18 years! Yet England won her wars!

Advice was given to officers, 'Never to beat your soldiers, and it is unmanly. To see an honest, brave old soldier battered and banged about at the caprice, just for the whim of an arrogant officer, was shocking to humanity.' Among old accounts of officers' records one is

given of the Mayor of a certain town being called upon to stop a disorder, and, turning to the Lieut.-Colonel, said, 'Sir, you are not only a breaker of your own military orders, but of the peace here, for which I shall punish you as an example to deter others from the same practises.' The officer was at once sent to the common gaol. No wonder a number of officers threatened to sell out of the Guards, giving for their excuse they had joined for the privilege of wearing handsome regimentals, and the new uniform was so very ugly, to their way of thinking. They may really have thought the punishments were too severe. An officer was taken off parade in St. James's Park by two constables for ordering a soldier to be so severely whipped that his life was despaired of for a slight offence. It was now that Howard, the great philanthropist, investigated and published the abuses and horrors of the English and Continental prisons. Some people had compassion on the unfortunate debtors in Ludgate Prison. 'A' letter of thanks was sent to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor for his present of 448 lbs. of beef and mutton of the best sort.

Among Marshal's rules for the use of our young officers who had not served abroad, was written a little book entitled "Military

Memoirs.'' It will take up little more room in their pockets than their snuff box, and, if as often look'd into, will be a greater use to them. Now, to take snuff was part of the beaux' education, and many an hour was spent before the mirror (fortunately these were invented and made in London in 1673) practising attitudes which might please the ladies.

An addition to the soldiers' pocket must not be forgotten—it was their pocket Bible, which they generally wore buttoned between the coat and the waistcoat, next to the heart. These were originally printed in Cromwell's time, and had only portions of the Scriptures alluding to battle.

In 1894 the preface to a copy of this little book was written in Dublin and signed by Wolseley, F.M. : 'In my humble opinion, the soldier who carries this Bible in his pack possesses what is of far higher value to him than the proverbial Marshal's baton, for if he carries its teaching in his hand and lets it rule his heart and conduct, he will certainly be happy, and most probably eminently successful.'

In the Peninsular War the soldiers were given separate books out of the Bible measuring about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, and

arranged by Dr. Thomas Boys (son of Wm. Boys), who served under Wellington as Paymaster-General.

If mutinies took place among the crew in port, just imagine how necessary it was to keep order and discipline at sea if one was in charge of a slave ship. One instance of disturbances being prevented among the slaves is worth recording. A miserable, furious crowd had been placed on board chained together, but one woman seemed in such a state of faint that she had to be attended to by the ship's doctor. She was absolutely broken-hearted, and the story was dragged from her that the day before she had lost her child. Later in the day the officer received an invitation from the Chief of the island to go on shore. This he agreed to do, but, knowing the natives could not be trusted, took forty armed men with him. Arriving at a camp of the Chief, he heard in the distance a plaintive sobbing, and, going closer, found a tiny boy of about three summers tied by his foot to a peg and guarded over by two fierce-looking individuals, who were terrifying him. On being told the child was to be sacrificed that day, the Englishman immediately offered to buy him, for which the Chief was quite agreeable to take a trifling sum. On the

return to the ship there was a sudden cry of joy; the poor slave mother had recognised her child, and she flung herself at the officer's feet, declaring as he had done her such a kindness, she and her son would be his slaves for ever. The whole affair gave so much satisfaction among the natives that they remained a most peaceful crew the whole voyage.

Another story must not be forgotten about slaves and the kindness of an English captain. In 1769 Captain Jarvis was cruising in the Mediterranean while African slaves were bought and sold and made use of in Spain, Portugal and Italy. While his vessel, the *Alarm,* was near Genoa, it was found necessary to send a boat on shore; two delighted natives, seeing their opportunity, jumped on it and, seizing the British flag, bound themselves in it, shouting "We are free." But a Genoese officer was not going to lose his slaves, and had them dragged away, and in doing so the men tore a piece of the flag. On this being reported to Captain Jarvis, he demanded both the Doge and the Senate to accompany the slaves on board his ship, the Admiral saying they had insulted the British flag. Thus the slaves were freed and the officer punished, and an apology made on the quarter deck.

In these times women were allowed on board

ship, but if men found life hard at sea, what must it have been for women, for there was plenty of harsh discipline which even ended in brutal treatment. Miss T-lb-t, the distinguished heroine of her family, followed her lover on a cruise in the North Sea. In consequence of a lover's quarrel she left the ship :

When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?
(*Dibden.*)

POEM BY MISS TALBOT.

Awake, my Laura, break the silken chain,
Awake, my friend, to hours unsoil'd by pain;
Awake to peaceful joys and thoughts refin'd,
Youth's cheerful morn and virtue's vigorous mind.
Wake to all joys fair friendship can bestow,
All that from health and prosperous fortune flow.
Still doth thou sleep; awake, imprudent fair,
Ten hours has life, and few of these can spare.
Forsake thy drowsy couch, and sprightly rise
While yet fresh morning streaks the ruddy skies,
While yet the birds their early matins sing,
And all around is blooming as the Spring.
Ere sultry phoebus, with his scorching ray,
Has drank the dewdrops from their mansion gay,
Scorch'd every flower, embrowned each drooping green,
Pall'd the pure air and chas'd the pleasing scene.
Still doth thou sleep; arise, imprudent fair,
Few hours has life, nor of those few can spare.
But this perhaps was but a summer song,
And winter nights are dark, and cold, and long.

Weak reason that, for weeping past the morn,
Yet urg'd by sloth and by indulgence born,
Oh, rather, haste to rise, my slumb'ring friend,
While feeble suns their scanty influence lend,
While cheerful daylight yet adorns the skies,
Awake, my friend, my Laura, wake and rise;
For soon the uncertain short-liv'd day shall fade,
And soon shall night extend her sooty veil.
Blank Nature fades, black shades and phantoms drear
Haunt the sick eye and fill the court with fear.
Therefore, sleep no more, imprudent fair;
Few hours has day, few days the circling year,
Few years has life, and few of those can spare.
Think of the task those hours have yet in view—
Reason to arm and passion to subdue;
While life's fair calm and flatt'ring moments last,
To fence your mind against the stormy blast,
Early to hoard blest wisdom's peace fraught store.
E'er yet your bark forsakes the friendly shore,
And the winds whistle and the billows roar.
Imperfect beings weakly arm'd to bear
Pleasure's soft wiles or sorrow's open war.
Alternate shocks from different sides to feel,
Now to subdue the heart and now to steel;
Yet fram'd with high aspiring, strong desire,
How mad the attempt to quench celestial fires.
Still to perfection tends the restless mind,
And happiness its bright rewards assigned,
And shall dull sloth obscure the heaven beam'd ray
That guides our passage to the realms of day.
Cheer the faint heart, and points the dubious way,
Not weakly arm'd, if ever on our guard;
Nor to the worst unequal, if prepared,
Not unsurmountable the task, if lov'd,
Nor short the time, if every hour improv'd.

O, rouse thee, then, nor shun the glorious strife;
Extend, improve, enjoy the hours of life.
Assert the reason, animate the heart,
And act through life's short scene the useful part.
Then sleep in peace the gentle memory crown'd,
Till time's vast year has fill'd its perfect round.

The call of the sea proved too much for Miss Talbot, the heroine, and she returned, dressed as a man, and did good service for her country before she received a severe wound which shattered her knee, and her leg had to be amputated on board the ship of *Earl St. Vincent* on the 14th February, 1799.

LOVE AND GLORY.

Young Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a martial story;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth:
She sighed for love, and he for glory.

Young Henry met the foe with pride;
Jane followed, fought!—ah, hapless story!
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for love, and he for glory!

In olden times the labour of the oars, which was most excessive, was cheered by the men's songs. But was any kind of musical instrument allowed on those awful galley slave ships, or only that continual thump—dump—thump, as the officer in charge marked time as the men pulled together?

They rowed fast and sung thereto
With hevalow and rambeloo.

Then from English ships would come—

Fight on, my jolly boys, with courage true and bold,
We will never have it said that we ever was controlled.

And again their oars moved to the old song :

1. Towing here, ye hoing there,
   Steadily, readily, cheerily, merrily.
   Still from care and thinking free
   Is a sailor's life at sea.
2. Laughing here, quaffing there,
   Steadily, readily, cheerily, merrily.
   Still from care and thinking free
   Is a sailor's life at sea.
3. Boozing here, snoozing there,
   Chorus :
   Still from care, etc.
4. Hawling here, bawling there,
   Chorus :
5. Dashing here, blashing there,
   Chorus :
6. Swearing here, tearing there,
   Steadily, readily, cheerily, merrily.
   Still from care and thinking free
   Is a sailor's life at sea.

Then there was always the hope of returning home in time for the Christmas festivities, which were just as great fun in the pantry as above stairs.

We are told music was invented by Pythagoras, who found out the proportions of the notes from the sounds of hammers upon an anvil. No doubt each sailor had his mouth

organ and whistle, besides a trumpet. Organs were described by Bede as a kind of tower made with various pipes, from which, by the blowing of bellows, a most copious sound was assured. The first organ made in Europe was sent to Pepin from Greece in 756, and in 826 a Venetian priest discovered the secret and brought it to France. Pianos had only been invented in Italy about 1710, so they were unknown luxuries for ordinary vessels.

Chapter IX

Wolfe

Better be a savage of some use than a gentle, amorous puppy, obnoxious to all the world.

All that I wish for myself is that I may at all times be ready and firm to meet that fate we shun, and to die gracefully and properly when the hour comes.

Nelson.

NOW if ever you sleep in a room where Pitt has slept, his spirit may haunt you by saying "I can," and not "I can't." "I can save the country, and I know no one else can." These were the words of the great statesman at this time, and of whom it was said it was only his mad craze which sent James Wolfe to Quebec, which stood on the heights of Abraham overlooking the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Wolfe, like Nelson, had been born in a vicarage home, and was a delicate and sensitive child. One writer describes Wolfe as 'that tallow-faced Pict with the carroty hair'—but this man of 33 years was destined to finish up the wars for the English against the French in Canada with 500 men and three ships. From the age of 15 years he had served the King, and at 16 was the adjutant of his regiment in Flanders. Wolfe declared, 'It was a very nice operation to be asked to take Quebec'; but he must have wished himself back in England as he lay prostrate with sickness and despair at watch-

ing his men lay idle while the French remained in their impregnable stronghold. A good thing Wolfe had an *e* to his name, for Wolfe seems to be a term applied to the harsh howling sound of certain chords on keyed instruments, particularly the organ, when tuned by any form of unequal temperament. Wolfe was not harsh; even Pitt describes him as a genius hero which lay between an awkward manner.

After weeks of waiting, Wolfe determined to have a try and capture the city, as nothing moved Montcalm from the long line of inaccessible cliffs. So one night he took his men up the St. Lawrence under cover of darkness. Not a sound was heard except the oars on the water and Wolfe's quiet reading of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." 'I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec,' he had said. For the sake of those who have forgotten the poem, we print a few verses here:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No father seeks his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode:
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Everyone remembers how on September 12th, 1758, Montcalm saw the British drawn up on the Heights of Abraham behind the city of Quebec. The Indians were of great service in this campaign, for by placing their ear to the ground they could detect in advance the tramp of the soldiers at a long distance. "They run, I protest they run," cried an officer as he held the dying Wolfe in his arms, for the General had been mortally wounded. This great soldier whose dreams had always been of warfare, he whose life was devoted to his country, passed beyond from the field of battle. He was buried in the old parish church at Greenwich, but it was not many years later that the vaults of the church were filled in and bricked up, 1859. On opening

the Wolfe vault were found a faded laurel wreath and a copy of the "Quebec Mercury," giving an account of his achievements. An inscription in the old Westerham annals is:

With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honours dite our own.

QUI VIVE!

(An Old Song).

Qui Vive!
Who is it cries in the dawn,
Cries when the stars go down?
Who is it comes through the mist,
The mist that is fine like lawn,
The mist like an angel's gown?
Who is it comes in the dawn?
Qui Vive! Qui Vive! in the dawn.

Qui Vive!
Who is it passeth us by,
Still in the dawn and the mist?
Tall seigneur of the dawn:
A two-edged sword at his thigh,
A shield of gold at his wrist:
Who is it hurrieth by?
Qui Vive! Qui Vive! in the dawn.

Qui Vive!
Who saileth into the morn
Out of the wind of the dawn?
Follow, oh, follow me on!'
Calleth a distant horn.
He is here—he is there—he is gone,
Tall seigneur of the dawn!
Qui Vive! Qui Vive! in the dawn.

Chapter X

The Glorious First of June, 1794

England has saved herself by her courage, and will save Europe by her example. *Pitt.*

HOW many beautiful ships were built at Deptford of oak grown especially for his Majesty's vessels, and how sad a sight it is to see these old war heroes now broken up for fire-logs. A '74 gun ship required 2,000 oak trees—*i.e.*, 3,000 loads of timber. The Spanish also knew how to build, as Nelson found out when by chance his vessels put into Cadiz for water; he exclaimed, 'These ships are certainly the finest in the world: thank God! the Spaniards cannot build men!' But if her fleet were no better than when it acted in alliance with us, it would soon be done for. Thanks to the Navy and its friends, H.M.S. *Victory* was restored to her original condition under the Society of Nautical Research, and in its present state it is believed she may last another 300 years.

What must the crews of these vessels have been like in the 18th century? A great part of them were foreigners, drunkards, and the scum of English prisons, and the vessels became little more than living hells below deck in a great many cases. Here an honest man had either to stand or sink with the mob.

A little word at random spoken
May soothe or hurt a heart that's broken.

How true is the saying, but what encouragement it must have been to the men if they had really humane officers in charge. The pay had not been advanced since the days of Charles II.; food was principally bad and of very little variety. It consisted chiefly of salt beef, pork, biscuits, and rum for drink. It was Admiral Vernon, M.P. for Penryn, Cornwall, the great opposer of Sir Robert Walpole, who first gave the order that the allowance of rum given to the men was to be diluted with water, which forthwith took the name of grog. Try and picture the long hours spent by the men below deck with miserable illumination; no wonder it took the Captain's tremendous energy to keep his men all content and well.

It was at this time by his own exertions Admiral Collingwood became one of the most noted men in the Fleet. He had certainly had his great share of hardships; in 1780, while in the West Indies, he lost 180 men out of 200 on his own vessel on account of the bad climate. The *Pelican* was wrecked in a hurricane, and for 10 days he was left on an island with practically no food. Providence came again to his help and preserved his life,

so that on the 1st of June, 1794, he was able to take up his position under Lord Howe. His great kindness and discipline were too well known, so that troublesome men were often sent to his vessel. One instance alone will show his skill. A seaman was sent to him who had shotted a cannon and pointed it at the officers on the quarter-deck. How small he must have felt when, standing before Collingwood, he was told no notice would be taken of the incident, but if he gave any more trouble or excited a mutiny he should be 'headed up in a cask and thrown into the sea.' Collingwood disliked corporal punishment, and preferred to give extra duty or extra water in the man's grog. 'I cannot,' he observed, 'for the life of me comprehend the religion of an officer who could pray all one day and flog his men all the next.' How much more sensible in these days if extra duty was given at boys' schools instead of that stupid form of punishment, 'writing out lines,' which helps to destroy the eyes and handwriting of young children.

There was that terrible punishment of 'flogging a man round the Fleet' in these hard times—*i.e.*, the ship on which the prisoner stood was stopped in front of all the other ships in turn, and in the presence of the

whole ship's company he was flogged and flogged. A blanket was put over him at the end of each flogging, but when the punishment was over the poor wretch became practically physically ruined for life.

Flogging was a punishment given to men and women for smuggling and stealing.

Who steals my purse steals trash—
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.

Flogging was also given to a woman for having illegitimate children! 'Every Friday for a month between the hours of two and three o'clock.' One of the most unhumane magistrates at this time was a Justice of Common Pleas—Sir Francis Page—known as 'The Hanging Judge.' He lived to the age of 80 years—a disgrace to the Bench. As a prisoner said:

God in His rage
Made a Judge Page.

When, as an old man, a friend came to enquire how he was keeping in health, the reply came: 'My dear Sir, you see I keep on hanging on, hanging on.' Ramsey was another lawyer of bad repute. He was an awful thief, and was at last brought to justice by his own brother. Awful punishments were

given for stealing; one man pleaded he might have his hand burnt, for the sake of his family, rather than be sent abroad for having stolen a watch. Imprisonment for debt often deprived the public of good citizens for many years, although in some cases the debt was caused through bad luck rather than from dishonest causes.

'It is I,' said Lord Hawke, 'who recommended Lord Howe for promotion. I have tried him on many important occasions. When ordered to do anything, he has never asked how it was to be done, but has immediately done it.'

The guns that should have conquered us they rusted on the shore,
The men that would have mastered us, they drummed and marched no more:
For England was England, and a mighty brood she bore,
When Hawke came sweeping from the West.

Mr. Henry Newbolt.

Walpole declared Howe was undaunted as a rock, so that it was this great Admiral chosen to guide the Channel Fleet on the 1st of June. Saturday, the night before the battle, Collingwood had spent his time watching and preparing for the succeeding day, and, as he said, 'many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah' (his wife), 'lest I should never

bless her more.' 'I observed,' he wrote the next day to Earl Howe, 'that about this time our wives were going to church, but that I thought the peal we should ring about the Frenchmen's ears would outdo the parish bells.'

Hundreds of letters left the ships before the battle to families, wives and sweethearts. Now, just for a moment, look at Nelson. He hears that a seaman's letter has been forgotten and not left the ship with the rest, and he at once gives orders it is to be specially despatched to catch up the boat, which had already started! 'Lest he see them no more.' What humane kindness, and what joy the letter gave in some home. No wonder the postboy was eagerly waited for in England, and what suspense was caused by unusual delay; once it was known, during a hard winter, of finding the young postboy frozen to death.

THE POSTBOY.

Hark, 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge
That with its wearsome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled, reflected bright;
He comes the herald of a noisy world,
With a spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks.
News from all nations lumb'ring at my back,
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,

Yet careless n' hat, he brings; his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined;
And, having drop't the expected baggages,
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch.
Cold, and yet cheerful, messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

F. Boys, 1793.

'I think we shall have the fight to-day,' said someone on the vessel; 'Black Dick has been smiling.' It was of Lord Howe the man spoke, for the Admiral was adored by officers and men alike.

'You need not be afraid, Sir!' called an officer to Lord Howe, 'the fire is extinguished!' 'Afraid,' exclaimed Lord Howe, 'what do you mean by that, Sir? I never was afraid in my life'; and, looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, 'How does a man feel, Sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks.'

The battle of the 1st of June commenced at 10 a.m., the French coming out of Cadiz—with what ships!—Collingwood declared they were superior to the English in men and guns; but the battle was won by sheer weight of England's fighting power, while the old Admiral Howe, aged 68, directed the action from an armchair on the deck. Decks were cleared for action on all the vessels, great bags

of sand were strewn everywhere; roars of the guns, shrieks of shots whistled through the riggings; splintering wood, with masts falling in all directions; some ships became unmanageable and had to be scuttled, and, where possible, men were saved from drowning; six of the largest of the French vessels were captured or sunk; four of them had been furnaces for red-hot shot. The principle of concentrated attack began in the old sledge-hammer fashion, the battle raging all along the line; had it not been that Lord Howe was worn out with all the exertion, he might have ordered the pursuit of the five vessels which escaped. The crew on Nelson's ship, *Agamemnon*, were all from his native village or the surrounding neighbourhood, Burham Thorpe.

By Lord Howe's special request, the *Brunswick*,[1] under Captain John Harvey, was the *Queen Charlotte's* second astern, but was separated owing to the close order of the French line astern. Harvey attempted to force an opening by the *Vengeur*, and in doing so the *Brunswick's* starboard and anchor hooked the *Vengeur* along with her. The Master proposed to cut her free. 'No,' said Harvey, 'as we've got her, we'll keep

(1) The *Brunswick* was built at Deptford in 1785 by order of Lord Howe.

her.' They became so closely locked together as to be unable to open her 'midships lower deck ports, which thereupon were blown off in the extra haste of the crew. The French ship, *L'Achille,* bore down on the *Brunswick* at the same time with the intention of boarding her, but a double-shotted broadside from the latter carried away her three masts, and compelled her to strike her colours, which were shortly afterwards re-hoisted in consequence of the inability of the *Brunswick* to take possession while she was fighting two vessels at once. The crew of the *Brunswick,* finding to their sorrow that the *Vengeur* had carried away their wooden cocked hat which crowned the figurehead of their ship, prevailed upon their brave skipper to lend them his hat, which they promptly nailed with great care and pride to the figurehead. That resolute Captain, John Harvey, became the hero of the day. While the battle raged fiercest Captain Henry Harvey, who had seen a great deal of foreign service, first when 1st Lieutenant of the *Mermaid,* and employed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence for the protection of illicit trade; later he had joined the flagship of Sir George Rodney in the West Indies, and now in 1793 was in command of the *Ramillies* under Lord Howe. Seeing his brother's ship

closely pressed, Capt. Harvey went to his assistance, with his young son Thomas, who was serving under him, by pouring two tremendous racking broadsides into the *Vengeur*. The *Brunswick,* not having a boat left that could float, could not take possession. Every effort was made to save the men, but the *Vengeur* sank with more than half her crew on board. The *Brunswick* lost 45 killed and 113 wounded. Three times she caught fire; 23 guns were disabled, and at the end of the battle it was found that Captain John Harvey had lost an arm and was injured so severely that he could not live many days. He died a few days later at Spithead, the pride of his country, and was buried at Eastry; he had entered the Navy in 1755, and had rendered eminent services, and was regarded by Hood, Rodney and Howe as a highly capable Captain. A monument was erected by public subscription in Westminster Abbey, and was placed near one erected to Lord Montagu in 1804; unfortunately, it occupied too much valuable space; the upper part and portrait of Sir John Harvey were removed to the north aisle, and the beautiful marble-carved ships representing the *Brunswick* and her companion were removed to Eastry Church, Kent, the village of his childhood.

In 1794 Captain H. Harvey was invested with insignia of the Order of Jerusalem.

There was another brave middy, Charles Worsley Boys, aged 16 years, serving under Admiral Sir Alexander Hood, on the *Royal George,* in this battle. A letter was received by Mr. Addington, the Speaker of the House, from Hood the 3rd of June, mentioning the great joy with which he could write of his complete victory over the fleets of the enemy. In this letter is mentioned the Speaker's little friend, Mr. Boys, who was wounded in the leg, an amputation being immediately performed above the knee by Mr. Sheppard, ' a most skilful surgeon, who tells me he will do well and is in high spirits. Ever your faithful and affectionate humble servant, Alex Hood.'

Rejoicing on land and sea—no wonder Pitt had declared Divine Providence had exalted Great Britain to a height of prosperity and glory unknown to any former age.

In the old autograph album William Boys added, January 5th, 1794 :

> Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
> He, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes.
> Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
> And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
>
> Younge.
>
> January 5th, 1794. *W. Boys.*

How many tired sailors returned after the battles?

GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

O! dear, had I but words to tell,
O! dear, what I this moment feel,
O! dear, how all my senses reel,
O! how the French have been drubb'd!
For France, hold your jaw, and leave off your boasting,
And no longer success to your navy be toasting,
For, by heavens, I think you have had a good roasting,
Then let us continue to fight.

Our Fleet has engag'd, and the French, as expected
And wi'h'd by all ranks, save a few disaffected,
Have not only been *tucked up*, but also *dissected*,
Then let us continue to fight.
O! dear . . . .

Two ships we have sunk, besides six we 'ave taken.
The rest by our guns have been cursedly shaken.
And will probably not all escape with their bacon,
Then let us continue to fight.
O! dear . . . .

Their Admiral, like a brave skilful commander,
Not wishing his own or his men's blood to squander,
But hiss'd for a while, then turn'd tail like a gander,
Then let us continue to fight.
O! dear . . . .

Liking not the rough manner in which Britain's curry,
In less than an hour he felt in a flurry,
And was damnably glad to get off in a hurry,
Then let us continue to fight.
O! dear . . . .

Poor fellow! I grant 'twas no mighty wonder
That he made such a rascally, cowardly blunder,
For it was the first time he had heard British thunder,
Then let us continue to fight.
O! dear . . . .

The Convention, I think, will not now talk of slaughter,
And swear they will grant to the British *no quarter*;
For, for one man we fifty can make a head shorter,
Then let us continue to fight.
O! dear . . . .

Friends, believe, for indeed 'tis a well-founded notion
That Britain for ever shall rule o'er the ocean,
Whilst beef and strong beer set their courage in motion,
Then let us continue to fight.
O! dear . . . .

To our Country and King our assistance we're bending,
For our freedom and laws and our lives we're contending,
And to such a bright cause there must be a bright ending,
Then let us continue to fight.
O! dear . . . .

(*Sung to the tune of "O! dear, what can the matter be?"*)

There were other ways of trying to get across the Channel than by boats. A small hydrogen-filled balloon was first to cross the English Channel on 22nd February, 1784. The balloon was sent up from Sandwich, in Kent, and carried by a north-west wind; it crossed

the Channel rapidly, and was picked up about 12 miles from Lille, in Flanders. A letter attached to it begged the finder to communicate the time and place where it was found to William Boys, of Sandwich.

A year earlier the Montgolfier's balloon was constructed by him and his brother, and the ascent made from the Artillery Gardens, London. The following year a balloon went up and was able to take as passenger Monsieur Lunardi. He said that a short time before he was ready to start someone came to the house and said the balloon was burst and all was ruined, which terribly upset him, although it proved to be untrue. Then he was disappointed he could not arrange for an extra passenger to accompany him, so he took up instead his dog, cat, a pigeon, two fowls, and two bottles of wine, a compass, and a thermometer that stood at 61° upon the earth. He was quite satisfied with his experience, and, having had a glass of wine, wrote a letter giving his experiences, fastened it up in an envelope, and threw it down.

One other great invention at this time was made by Franklin—the discovery of identity of lightning by electricity, ' working with his own hands as a man, not a hireling.'

Chapter XI

Nelson's Advice

NELSON gave the following advice to young midshipmen: "There are three things, young gentlemen, which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form an opinion of your own respecting their propriety; secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your King; and, thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." So one cannot be surprised to read the following middy's adventure in France.

In the year 1796 Edward Boys, son of John Boys and Mary Harvey, entered the Navy. For a time Edward found himself stationed at the unhealthy town of Toulon. The ancient fort was said to have been founded by Phœnicians in the 9th or 10th century, A.D., but it had only become of maritime and military importance after the building of its great towers by Louis XII. and François I., while its fortifications were erected under Louis XIV. The dockyard of Toulon was destroyed by Sir Sydney Smith, November, 1793. Before the vacation of the British troops he had vainly urged the French to protect the Royalist inhabitants and refugees in the town from the Republicans, but when

they entered the town they massacred more than 6,000 of those left to their mercy, and decreed that the very name of Toulon should be forgotten.

Edward Boys and a few other officers, while in charge of a prize, were themselves captured, and, on refusing to give information to the French as to the strength and situation of Lord Nelson, they were promptly treated as pirates by the infuriated Captain of the *Rhin*. This really amused the young middies, who soon learnt the French Captain had until recently been a barber. As prisoners, the General in charge asked if their paroles were signed, and the reply came " No, a British officer values his honour too much to render his signature necessary." One Christmas during their captivity they spent at a miserable village. At one place, while disputes were going on, Edward Boys entered a bedroom, and seeing a bust of the adored Napoleon on the mantelshelf, in the midst of a lot of little images in plaster of Paris (now the Boys family are known for their humour, and Boys just found the temptation too good an opportunity to be missed), he took Napoleon and placed his head downways into a vessel which was no ornament to a mantelpiece, nor usually found there!!

Unfortunately, they had to remain prisoners for six years, after which time they made their escape. In 1802 he was paid off as Master's Mate of the *Royal Sovereign,* bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Harvey, K.B. In 1803 he joined the *Phœbe* frigate, and was sent to the Mediterranean until the renewal of war with France.

At the end of the 18th century all eyes were fixed on Bonaparte and France. Lord St. Vincent, in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, complained of one of his ships being under the control of a Captain who was incapable, whose 1st Lieutenant was unequal to the situation, and the ship filthy, both inside and out. On going to the *Royal George* as his flagship, he found 'she possessed neither discipline nor subordination'; the men were dirty, lazy, and disposed to mutiny, if they dared. "The honour of an officer may be compared to the chastity of a woman, and when once wounded can never be recovered." He soon made the British Fleet realise he was in authority, and his strong discipline was soon felt.

It was on the *Vanguard,* with Nelson in command, that a little middy on deck was boasting of the wonderful escapes he had experienced, when a shot was fired that cut

the small lad in two. Admiral Collingwood was in command of the *Royal Sovereign* at the Battle of the Nile in 1798, when he ordered her to burst into the enemy's line and help to win a glorious victory. Picture the misery on both sides among the wounded that 2nd of August, lying in the blazing sun off the African coast, or compelled to stay below decks. When all was over, there came the message, ' To the Respective Captains of the Squadron Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile :

> Almighty God having blessed his Majesty's Arms with Victory, the Admiral intends returning Public Thanksgiving for the same at 2 o'clock this day; and he recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient.
>
> *Horatio Nelson.*

The enemy had also lost many precious lives, and among them the never-to-be-forgotten middy, Casabianca. This child, son of Commodore Casabianca, is believed to have been only ten years of age, and yet he won renown amongst the gallant defenders of *L'Orient*. When the ship caught fire he and his father fell into the water and managed to support themselves on some floating timber until the ship blew up, causing death to all around her. Immediately after the tremendous explosion the action ceased everywhere, and

there was perfect silence. A French writer states 'that crashing down out of the sky came masts, spars and gear of *L'Orient*, falling in burning masses across the ships.'

At Santa Cruz Nelson lost his arm, and, when particularly miserable, wrote to Lord St. Vincent, and says: "A left-handed Admiral will never again be considered as useful; therefore, the sooner that I get to a very humble cottage, the better, and so make room for a sounder man to serve the State."

After the Battle of the Nile, Nelson returned to England and landed at Yarmouth, where he received the Freedom of the Borough at the Old Wrestlers' Hotel. When he went to administer the oath he laid his left hand on the Book; the Town Clerk, in this case being a little too particular about customs, said, 'Your right hand, my Lord.' "That is at Teneriffe," same the quiet reply, which was received with cheers of admiration and sympathy. It is said Nelson was a man proud of his God, and God was proud of his man.

One of the greatest gifts, he said, that women have to bestow is sympathy and affectionate understanding, and these he sought from not only women, but men.

It would be a good thing if many thought less of their ailments and took for an example

Nelson when he was having his arm amputated on the *Theseus* off Teneriffe; instead of making a terrible fuss, although he must have suffered agonies, he calmly made an order that as the operating knife was so cold, in all future actions hot water was to be in readiness for heating operating instruments. And again with what little fuss he loses his eye at the Siege of Calvi; he reported to Lord Hood: 'I got a little hurt this morning, not much, as you can guess by my writing. A shot hit our battery; the splinters and stones from it struck me with great violence in the face.' He was a man who was really grateful for his recovery. A notice was given out one Sunday at St. George's, Hanover Square:

'An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed upon him.'

But, when Nelson went to receive his year's pay, it actually could not be paid because he had not brought a surgeon's certificate that he had actually lost the sight of the eye!! And, when at last it was given him, he considered the cheque so inadequate that he remarked: "Oh! this is only for an eye. In a few days I shall come for an arm, and probably in a little longer for a leg. As long

as I have a foot to stand on I will combat for my King and Country."

" I am entirely responsible to my King and Country for the whole of my conduct. I will allow no man to take from me an atom of my glory . . . . all is mine, right or wrong ! "

For three months he lay very ill on his return to England. On the arrival of Nelson at Court, his Majesty expressed his very great sympathy at the loss of his arm and his serious illness. ' May it please your Majesty, I can never think that a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on I will combat for my King and Country.'

Later, Nelson went to Bath to take waters for several months, and complained the greatest punishment he received was not being allowed to drink wine. Now, Bath was still a place with plenty of amusement. At Christmas time there would be a match for a Cheshire cheese. This sport began at midnight when everyone was drowsy; the one who yawned the widest, and at the same time naturally, gained the cheese. Another prize was given to the ablest whistler, who could whistle longest, clearest, and going on with his tune without laughing at the antic postures of a merry party. There must have

been some good whistlers then; it is strange this gift—which can be so beautiful—is so little accomplished. An old letter from Bath was sent in 1781.

But what is become of Mc—they you'll say,
Has she still got her balls and her visiting day?
Still the same is Old Mac!—give the devil his due,
Though so wicked and old, Sir, she always is new!

Pitt was for a time M.P. for Bath, and no doubt enjoyed himself in the gay town. For a few days its Theatre Company must have been at a loss for clothes and scenery, for, as a servant of the company was moving from another town nearby, with all the scenery, apparatus and rich wardrobe of the players, he saw smoke on the wheels of the cart. The driver absolutely refused to stop and unload, giving for his reason he had gone 12 miles already with smoking wheels. About three miles from Bath the flames burst out and destroyed everything. Men committed to the Bath prison escaped by cutting away the bars of their window. Even in London prisoners attempted all kinds of devices for escape, four men actually trying their luck down the prison sewer, of which three of them were quite successful.

'*Lost,*' so the advertisement stated, 'from the Tree in Pall Mall, two fresh dogs and a black

nimble greyhound (not very sound); it is suppos'd to have gone to Bath by instinct for cure.

Another dog had a strong *instinct* for his master's promotion. Lord Collingwood wrote: "I am out of patience with Bounce! (his dog). The consequential airs he gives himself since he became a Right Honourable dog are insufferable. He considers it beneath his dignity to play with common dogs, and carries the insolence of rank to an extreme: but he is a dog that does it."

Bath had a reputation given it by Charles Wesley, who, on visiting the famous watering place, declared it to be 'the headquarters of Satan.' Early in the century smoking was permitted in the rooms, and although rules were made by the 'King of Bath,' gentlemen and ladies appeared in a most disrespectful manner at public entertainments in aprons and boots. The Royal Family and gentry made an attempt at keeping the rules, but one day the Duchess of Queensberry appeared at a ball in a white apron; this was breaking the rules too much, and the Master of Ceremonies stript it off and threw it at the back of the benches among the ladies' women. "The Beggar's Opera," a Newgate pastoral play, with its delightful songs and music, was performed here in 1748, when Lady Mary

Mortley Montagu wept so she wrote the parody :

> To all you ladies now in Bath,
> And eke, ye beaus, to you,
> With acking heart and wat'ry eyes
> I bid my last adieu.

Most probably the great Dr. Hills ordered many of his patients to go and take the waters there—some from want of leading too quiet a life, and others from over-eating and developing gout.

Some men would need the cure who followed the custom of Nicholas Wood, who suffered from a disease, happily rare, known in Greek or Latin as Boulimia or Caninus Apetitus—' inasmuch as he would devour at one meal what was provided for 20 men, eat a whole hog at sitting, and at another 30 dozen of pigeons. . . . . Let us raise our gratitude to the goodness of God, and especially when he giveth us appetite enough for our meat, and yet meat too much for our appetite; whereas this painful man spent all his estate to provide provander for his belly, and died very poor about the year 1630.'

In 1722 Dr. Boerheave tried to cure gout on his own lines, so on rising in the early morning he leaves his hot bed and goes and exposes himself to the dews. Later, finding the treatment unsuccessful, he remains in bed

for five months, and at last is cured by taking large quantities of simple medicine.

> Cichoreæ, Endiviæ, Fumariæ, Nasturti a juatici, Veronicæ aquaticæ latifoliæ. Copia ingenti.

In 1737 the famous Professor Boerheave gave as his advice :

> Gout is only cured by means of a milk diet for 12 months; you must not take any liquor, only mixture of one-third milk and two-thirds water; new milk and a little tea or coffee with milk. Any kind of fruit. 8 oz. of spring water on rising—fast for 2 hours—then eat milk and bread. Dinner—barley, oats, carrots, beans, peas, apples, nothing salt or sour, not even Seville oranges. Supper—nothing but milk and bread. Bed before nine o'clock. Rub joints, feet and arms morning and evening for ½ an hour. Take horse exercise. Take care in wet weather. Hereditary gout makes no difference.

If you have not a horse, the following is advertised :

> A War-Horse to be sold or let. Seen adorn'd with ribands, and set forth to advantage the next Training Day of the Artillery.

Bath had a myth—and it is not dogs that dwelt there, but pigs. The legend was that a prince leper, on having to leave his father's court, became employed as a swineherd. But the swine soon became affected with the malady, and, dreading his master's anger, he drives them across the Avon to a place here-

after called Swineford. But the swine rush violently downhill and plunge into the muddy morass below. The leper, finding they are marvellously cured, bathes himself, and is instantly cured. He is healed, and so that other unfortunate lepers might be healed, he immediately built the baths. The modern poet adds :

> Vex'd at the brutes alone possessing
> What ought to be a common blessing,
> He drove them thence in mighty wrath
> And built the stately town of Bath.
> The hogs thus banished by the prince
> Have lived in Bristol ever since.

Bristol had also a milk woman poet, of which the following is one of her poems :

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FRIEND.
By Ann Yearsley, a milk woman of Bristol.

' Appear, thou sightless minister of death,
Go seek the spot where guiltless joys reside;
Seize Delia's frame, suspend at once her breath,
And from its long-liv'd home the wand'ring soul divide.

Be deaf to all, nor heed the plaintive moan
Of weeping husband, parent, child or friend;
'Tis my high will that she attends my throne,
Where flow these perfect joys, which never shall have end.

So spake the Omnipotent—the spirit heard,
With azure pinions veil'd he skims the air;
The heavenly regions quickly disappear'd,
He unperceived alights beside the happy pair.'

Amazed, he view'd the seat of humble love,
Content and joy in every breast elate;
One moment mourn'd his amand from above,
While 'mid the cheerful group the thoughtless victim sate.

With eye askance, he aims the deadly blow,
Nor dares to look while he directs the dart;
No more her cheeks with crimson blushes glow,
But all the spirits rush to guard the fainting heart.

In vain, in vain, the heart refuses aid,
An iron slumber seals her heavy eyes;
She sinks in death—th' astonished soul dismay'd,
Bursts thro' the doors of life, and seeks more friendly skies.

Hail, spirit, disengaged from cumbrous clay,
Let not our tears retard thy blissful sight.
The sigh dissolves in faith; pursue thy way,
Till Heaven's full joys shall open on my vanished sight.

O Thyrsis! raise thy low, declining head,
Nor sink beneath this mighty weight of woe.
Mourn not thy love, nor think thy Delia dead;
She lives where boundless joys shall ever, ever flow.
Finis.

There was also "Punnist" at Bath, for in Christ Church is found the following epitaph:

Like to the baker's oven is the grave,
Wherein the bodies of the faithful have
A setting-in, and where they do remain,
In hopes to rise, and to be drawn again;
Blessed are they who in the Lord are dead;
Though set like dough, they shall be drawn like bread.

Chapter XII

Trafalgar

IT is wonderful how the sons of clergy have always displayed such magnificent examples of heroism at sea, and so many have received the highest honours that England can bestow on her heroes. This little account of a middy at Trafalgar was recounted by an old pensioner at Greenwich.

'This is glorious,' said a little youngster who had joined a vessel for his first trip previous to sailing. 'This will be glorious news for home!' He had got under his left arm a 24-pound shot, and was chalking on it. 'What are you about?' asked one of the men. 'I'm only writing a moving billet-doux to one of the enemy's midshipmen, sir. There, 'tis done, and now let's put it in the post.' And so he drops it in the muzzle of the gun. 'By my faith,' said a Paddy, bowsing at the tackle, but that's a lawyer's letter, with a double charge; shoolaisey, and don't be after doing mischief.'

A moment later the French had also fired a shot, and the little middy was struck by a grape-shot, and, with the words, 'Oh, my mother, my poor mother,' he was gone. The mate, who caught him as he fell, was also mortally wounded. Gazing at the child, he

said : ' He's gone; his cable's parted, and my anchor's a-trip '—and, laying by the middy, he was also gone.

One cannot forget the pluck of Nelson's cabin-boy, Rivers, who in the heat of an action had the misfortune to lose his leg. On being carried downstairs, he saw his master, and had the courage to cry out cheerily, ' Here I go, my lord.' No wonder that one of Nelson's last wishes to Hardy was, ' Take care of the boy Rivers.' In this case the boy was taken care of; he became a lieutenant of Greenwich Hospital, and with him was a man known as the most ignorant and disagreeable of men, a pensioner who had run up the famous motto : ' England expects every man to do his duty.' Cannot you hear the men and youngsters singing as they sight their Homeland?

ONE DAY MORE.

1. Only one day more, my Johnny;
   One more day?
   Oh, rock and roll me over,
   Only one more day!

2. Oh, don't you hear the old man roaring?
   One more day?
   Oh, don't you hear that pilot bawling?
   Only one more day!

3. Can't you hear those gels a-calling?
   One more day?
   Oh, can't you hear the Captain pawling?
   Only one more day!

4. Then put on your long-tailed blue, my Johnny;
   One more day?
   For your pay is nearly due, Johnny;
   Only one more day!

What must have been the feelings of the little middies who were sent to sea at the age of 13 years, or, if they were sons of officers, were allowed on board at 11 years? What a difference it must have made to many a sensitive lad if he had the same encouragement given him as was given to Nelson, who always seems to have been sheltered by men and officers alike. How many a sensitive boy would become a greater man to-day if parents and masters realized that words of encouragement do much more to form character than perpetual grumbling at childish errors. Sensitive men and boys are really the most brave if they learn to conquer this great weakness. Addison pointed out how frequently the school system destroyed character and temperament of children, and suggested 'flogging broke the spirit of some boys, rendered others pert and insolent, but insisted the place where young children were made or marred is in the home.' The young

Englanders setting out on life's adventure had such high hopes, yet found it such a hard struggle, but British pluck came out top with most.

1805, the year never to be forgotten in the history of England. Nelson, as a child, had been dared by his companions to go at midnight to the churchyard and bring back as evidence a twig from the yew tree, and he did it.

He escaped one night from his home in search of birds' eggs, and on his return his grandmother said she wondered that hunger and fear had not driven him home. 'Fear,' replied the boy, 'I never saw fear: what is it?' What care must have been taken of him as a child; five of his brothers died young, but he was heard to say, 'If God gives me life, I will be renowned.'

Later, he wrote to his wife, whilst in the Mediterranean off Toulon: 'Only recollect that a brave man dies but once!—a coward, all his life long.'

Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that yet I have heard,
It seems to me the most strange that *Men* should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

This man had been through years of toil and

labour, and now the day of Trafalgar, before the enemy showed any sign of coming out to battle, he sits and writes to the Admiral, to whom he was greatly attached: "Dear Coll, what a beautiful day. Will you be tempted out of your ship?" That was his last letter.

For two hours before the battle Nelson had spent in prayer to ask a blessing on the navies in his charge:

> To the Ruler of all battles and only Giver of Victory. May the Great God whom I worship grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general a great and glorious Victory. And may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it, and may humanity after Victory be the predominant feature of the British Fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me; and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen.

The *Victory*, which had been laid down in 1759 and furnished in 1765 with her 100 guns, was in the centre of the battle.

'See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action,' said Nelson to Hardy as they watched the *Royal Sovereign* swiftly pass to the scene of action. By 2-30 p.m. the main-mast went over the side of the ship and took with it the mizen-mast, leaving the vessel unmanageable.

Mr. Thomas Atkinson, Esqr., Sailing Master, entered the Navy in 1790, and in 1796 became Sailing Master of the *Theseus,* Nelson's ship. He served with Nelson till his death—in all the great engagements, and was a special favourite of Admiral Nelson. 'You remember Bowen, Lord Howe's Master, who was made Post-Captain; if I survive this action you shall have the same rank.'

During the heat of the action the *Victory's* tiller ropes were shot away. As Atkinson was descending the quarter-deck ladder to see them replaced, Nelson addressed him, and, as he stopped to reply, a shot knocked away the top of the ladder on which he was standing. 'Not hurt, Atkinson?' 'No, my lord, all right.' Fortunately for the man, the shot had taken away the step on which he was standing, and with no harm he found himself standing on one step lower. Unfortunately, Atkinson was wounded at Trafalgar by a splinter from the fore-brace which struck off by a shot which killed Mr. Scott, Nelson's secretary.

The *Victory,* while leading at Trafalgar, with her six Royal Ensigns flying in case either should be shot away, was overhauled by Captain Henry Harvey, of the *Téméraire,* 2nd in command, under Lord St. Vincent,

was ambitious to precede his Admiral and spare his vessel a little. But he received the signal, " Keep your station," for the advice suggested by Blackwood was not what Nelson wished, that two or three ships should have led the *Victory* into action. " This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long; I hope none of our ships have been struck."

An officer from the *Victory* had gone on board the *Royal Sovereign,* which was commanded by Sir Henry Harvey, and informed the Admiral that Lord Nelson was wounded, at which the Admiral ordered the *Euraylus* to take the *Royal Sovereign* in tow.

' They have done for me at last, Hardy; my backbone is shot through,' said Nelson. ' The great Disposer of all events, and justice of our cause, I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.'

Twenty prizes had been won; thick fog descended on the fleet as if to make a funeral shroud, and the greatest English Admiral passed beyond. He had won civilisation and freedom for England for ever.

See Hardy's flag once more displayed,
Upon the deck he stands;
Britannia's glory ne'er can fade
Or tarnish in his hands.

So a-cruising we will go. Oho-oho-oho.
So a-cruising we will go. O-oho.

Captain Hardy went on board the *Queen Elizabeth* a little later with the information of Lord Nelson's death.

Tradition says Nelson had particularly asked Hardy not to let his body be thrown overboard if he died in battle; yet many officers prefer to be buried at sea. Mr. Merrides, a sea officer, ordered by will that his body should be put in a leaden coffin, 'solder'd down, and then buried on the Goodwin Sands.' The body of Nelson was placed in a coffin made of the wood from the mast of the French ship, *L'Orient*. With all the glories of victory, a tranquil navy returned to England with its dead Admiral, and for a time the body of Nelson lay in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, until it was taken to St. Paul's as the final resting-place. The black sarcophagus which formed part of the monument was of elaborate composition, designed by Benedetto, and had been commanded by Cardinal Wolsey for his own tomb. But, on his falling into disgrace, Henry VIII. seized the marble and bronze, and had it set up in the chapel at Windsor, with an effigy of himself recumbent on the marble. But it was not finished, and Cromwell had it broken up, and the brass and bronze sold. The marble rested where it was until George III. chose it for

the national hero's tomb. In Greenwich are to be seen the stockings, seal, and favourite grog jug of Nelson. In the old parish church at Burham Thorpe, where Nelson was baptized, a lectern was made of wood from the *Victory*. 'The new pulpitt putt up this year 1783. The oak given by Lord Walpole, and the sawing out of planks £2 12s. All other expenses was paid solely by Edward Nelson, Rector, which was near £40. The oak green in the Parish.'

On the grave of Catherine Nelson are found these lines:

> Let these alone;
> Let no man move these Bones.

Dec., 1805. 'At length,' wrote one of Nelson's admirers, 'I entered the parish church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand, where after an appropriate discourse, but sadly interrupted by the rattling of carriages along the streets, the following anthem was sung by amateur singers in the organ loft':

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

Round the hapless hero's urn
  Be the cypress foliage spread:
Fragrant spice profusely burn
  In grateful mem'ry of the dead.

Let an angel's heavenly form
  Protect the vase his ashes bears:

Truth, in living sorrows warm,
Pay a mourning nation's tears.

Fame, his praise upon thy wing,
Through all the world his valour tell—
In the service of his King,
In his country's cause, he fell.

The ' mourning dirk ' carried behind the coffin at Nelson's funeral is also preserved. There were many relics made of wood from the old ships. A small one came from the old *Téméraire;* it was a beautiful little oval table of dark mahogany upon a light stem, and under the flat surface the table's pedigree is inscribed :

' This table belonged to the Captain of the old *Téméraire,* and stood in his cabin. He gave it to his purser's steward, James Depo : of whose widow it was bought at Gillingham, Kent, 1875.

Perhaps the very last connection with Trafalgar died on Tuesday, October 16th, 1928, at the age of 94 years. He was Mr. H. H. Sherlock, son of the chief surgeon in Nelson's ship.

Original log-books of ships are generally copied and then destroyed, but fortunately H.M.'s ship *Victory* had the log-book kept, but it stops at 9-15 a.m., and does not include the famous signal; but there are the great

signals which passed between Nelson and the fleet the morning of the battle. 'The *Victory* stood for the enemy's van and the *Royal Sovereign,* and her line of battle steered for the centre of their line. The action began at 11-30 a.m. by the firing at the *Royal Sovereign,* which replied 10 minutes later.'

'11-50, the enemy began to fire on the *Victory*. 1-15, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., and Commander-in-Chief, was wounded in the shoulder. Partial firing continued until 4-30, when a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., and Commander-in-Chief, he died of his wounds.'

One of the saddest events after Trafalgar was the court-martial of Admiral Sir Eliah Harvey. He formed an opinion he had been overlooked, and was much aggrieved by the appointment of Lord Cochrane to a special command; he expressed his anger so violently on the quarter-deck of the flagship that Gambier was obliged to bring him to account at Portsmouth.

Mortimer Street, April 22, 1807.

Rear-Admiral E. Harvey.

Rear-Ad. E. Harvey appeared in a most violent and disrespectful manner. Under circumstances public service must be impeded.

"In consequence of the above, the Court deliberated upon the evidence of Rear-Ad. Harvey, were of the opinion the charges of vehement and insulting language to the R.H. Lord Gambia and having shown great disrespect on board H.M. ship *Caledonia,* and spoken to his Worship and to several officers in a disrespectful manner, to be dismissed H.M. Service: and he is dismissed accordingly."

Rear-Admiral E. Harvey did all he could to save his dismissal, and produced these two letters from his superior officers. But the following year he was reinstated in his rank and seniority by Order in Council, in consideration of his long and meritorious service, but he was never employed again.

April 22, 1807.

Sir,

I cannot retire from the Command of the Channel Fleet without expressing the high sense I entertain of the ability, zeal and perseverance displayed by you in the command of a detached squadron during an unexampled long cruise off the north coast of Spain, and assuring you of the esteem and regard with which I have the honour to be,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

ST. VINCENT.

Rear-Admiral Harvey, &c.

A LETTER OF CONGRATULATION

Euryalus, Oct. 28, 1805.

My dear Sir,

I congratulate you most sincerely on the victory his Majesty's fleet has obtained over the enemy, and on the noble and distinguished part the *Téméraire* took in the battle. Nothing could be finer; I have not words in which I can sufficiently express my admiration of it. I hope to hear you are not hurt, and pray send me your report of killed and wounded, with the officers' names who fell in the action, and the state of your own ship, whether you can get her in a state to meet Gravina, should he again attempt anything.

I am, Dear Sir, with great esteem,

Your faithful humble servant,

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD.

Chapter XIII

John S. Harvey, Accountant-General

EARLY in the 18th century there died at Eythorn, Kent, a John Harvey, Esqre. and Yeoman,[1] leaving about £50,000, but, besides his wealth, he left behind a son who became the Rev. Richard Harvey, of Eastry. This is probably the only family history to be written about them.

The Rev. Richard Harvey had a son, John S. Harvey, the Master in Chancery and Accountant-General, who found time to use his pen for work as well as poetry. He could not have been very old when he wrote ' on being awaked in the Night of February the 3rd, 1749, by a Violent Storm of Thunder and Lightening.'

A SACRED LYRIC.

1.

Locked in the arms of balmy sleep,
From every care of day,
As silent as the folded sheep,
And as secure I lay.

2.

Sudden tremendous thunders roll,
Quick lightenings round me glare,
The solemn sound alarms the soul
And wakes the heart to prayer.

(1) Esquire derived from escu, or bearer of a shield. Yeoman from Yew, or bearer of a bow.

3

Whate'er, O Lord, at this still hour,
Those awful sounds portend:
Whether sole engines of Thy power
Or groans for Nature's end.

4.

Grant me to bear with equal mind
Those terrors of the sky,
Forever (as Thou wilt) resigned
Alike to live or die.

5.

If waked by Thy vindictive hand,
This mighty tempest stirs,
That peal, the voice of Thy command,
Those flames, Thy messenger.

6.

Welcome the bolt where e'er it fall
Beneath the passing sun;
Thy gracious Will determines all,
And let that Will be done.

7.

By all each strong explosion shakes
One truth be understood:
The glorious God the thunder makes,
And all He makes is good.

8.

But if, as Nature's laws ordain,
Not destined by Thy Will,
The bolt exerts its wild domain,
Self authorised to kill.

9.

Quick interpose, all-gracious Lord,
In this remorseless night;
Arise, and be alike adored
For mercy as for might.

10.

Vouchsafe amid this time of dread
Thy suppliant's voice to hear;
O, save from harm each friendly head,
And all my soul holds dear.

11.

Let it not kill where riot foul
Pours forth the drunken jest,
Nor where the guilt-envenomed soul
Starts wild from troubled rest.

12.

Awhile O spare those sinful breasts,
Whose deeds the night deform,
And strike where smiling virtue rests
Unconscious of the storm.

13.

Succour the couch where beauty lies
All pale with tender fear,
Where sickness lifts its languid eyes,
O pour Thy comfort there.

14.

Nor useless waste this moral night,
Like common hours away,
But glow with wisdom's sacred light,
More fair than orient day.

15.

Warm'd by each flash may virtue rise
And wide its glories spread,
While every blasted bird of vice
Shrinks in new terrors dread.

16.

So on that awful Judgment Day,
Whose image shakes the soul,
When keenest lightenings shoot their ray
And loudest thunders roll.

Mary Harvey
1756—1849

17.

Well pleased, Lord, eye shall see
Those final thunders hurled,
And mark with joy for love of these
That flash that melts the world.

J. S. Harvey.

One thing is quite certain—it is many years since England and Europe has had such terrible storms as are known to have occurred in the 18th century. Gardner gave an account of a great storm which raged in December, 1740, the wind howling for several days, great damage on the coasts and overflooding of marshes. At Dunwick, where the coast is always falling away, the last of the churchyard of St. Nicholas disappeared. The Lady of Stanhope Harvey, Colonel of the West York Militia, being a woman of extreme sensibility, and her nerves were so extremely delicate that she used to faint at the sound of thunder. Her last illness originated from the terrors she experienced during a violent thunderstorm in the summer.

In the year 1740 hailstones fell in Rome as large as eggs, and a record is given at Thuringia, a province in Germany, that hailstones as large as geeses' eggs fell in 1738. England was not far behind this record. M. de Bomaremot Grele reported that in 1723 hailstones fell of 5 inches in Leicester, and

in 1693 blades of ice fell during a storm in Northampton 2 inches by 1 inch thick.

J. S. Harvey, in brotherly fashion, writes a poem to Miss A. Harvey on having her head shaved after an illness, for in those days ladies would be most sensitive at losing their locks.

TO MISS A. HARVEY, ON HAVING HER HEAD SHAVED.

Delilah shaved poor Samson's head
To take his strength away.
Far different is thy case; indeed,
T'will give thee strength, says Grey.

T'will add fresh vigour to thy form
And ease thy head of pain;
O, grant that this may soon be done,
And not be done in vain.

Oh, would the heavenly powers restore
The roses to thy cheek,
And long-lost health his blessings show,
My joy no words could speak.

The following two poems by J. S. Harvey were evidently written when he had arrived at the age of 'Love Smuggling':

ON A LADY'S FROWNING T. T-R-Y OF DOVER.

Whence comes it, Celia, that disdain
In every look is seen?
You're pleased to see your lover's pain
And rule a tyrant queen.

A YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER

Smooth, smooth, I pray, that wrinkled brow,
  Keep in those frowns, my fair;
If you'll to me no pity show,
  Let your own beauty spare.

J. S. Harvey.

A YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER TO HER FRIEND'S PROPOSAL OF RETIRING WITH HER INTO A MONASTERY.

1.

All attendants apart,
  I examined my heart
Last night when I lay me to rest,
  And methinks I'm inclined
  To a change of my mind,
For you know second thoughts are the best.

2.

To retire from the world
  And to make ourselves good
By avoiding of ev'ry temptation,
  Is, I think, to reveal
  What we'd better conceal—
That our passions want some regulation.

3.

'Twould much more rebound
  To our praise to be found
In a world so abounding with evil,
  Unspotted and pure,
  Tho' not so demure
As to wage upon war with the devil.

4.

So, bidding farewell
To the thoughts of a cell,
I'll prepare for this militant life,
And if brought to destroy,
Why, then, I'll confess
And do penance in shape of a wife.

John S. Harvey.

19th September, 1773.

J. S. Harvey had a younger sister, Mary, born in 1756. Their mother was Catherine Springett, an only child, and their grandfather had married Catherine, daughter of Solomon Harvey, of Eastry. From an old autograph album given Mary by her grandfather, John Springett, dated (1749), are copied their poems and letters in verse, which give an idea of her home life.

THE HEADS:

OR THE YEAR 1776.

Ye wrong heads and strong heads, attend to my strain;
Ye clear heads and quick heads, and heads without brains;
Ye thick skulls and quick skulls, and heads great or small,
And ye heads that aspire to be heads over all.

Ye ladies (I would not offend for the world),
Whose bright heads and light heads are feather'd and curl'd,

The mighty dimensions Dame Nature surpris'd
To find she's greatly mistaken the size;
And ye petit-mistress, your heads I might spare,
Encumber'd with nothing but powder and hair,
Who vainly disgrace the true monkey race
By transplanting the tail from its own native place.
Enough might be said, durst I venture my rhymes
On crown'd heads and round heads of these modern times.
This slippery path let me cautiously tread,
The neck else may answer, perhaps for the head.
The heads of the Church and the heads of the State
Have taught much and wrought much—too much to relate.
On the neck of corruption uplifted, 'tis said,
Some rulers, alas, are too high for the head.
Ye schemers and dreamers of politic things,
Projecting the downfall of kingdoms and kings,
Can your wisdom declare how this body is fed
When the members rebel and wage war with the head?
Expounders, confounders, and the heads of the law,
I bring case in point, do not point out a flaw.
If reason is treason, what plea shall I plead?
To your chief I appeal, for your chief has a head.
On Britannia's bosom sweet liberty smil'd,
The parents grew strong while she foster'd the child.
Neglecting her offspring, a fever she bred
Which contracted her limbs and distract'd her head.
Ye learn'd State doctors, your labours are vain,
Much less can your art lost members restore;
Amputation must follow—perhaps something more.
Pale goddess of whim, when with cheeks lean and full,
Thy influence seizes an Englishman's skull.
He blunders, yet wonders his schemes ever fail,
Tho' often mistaking the head for the tail.

Derry Down.

ON READING THE BILL OF MORTALITY FOR THE YEAR 1777.

Once more this sad memento strikes my eye,
Smites the gay heart, excites the tender sigh;
Calls forth afresh the sympathising tear
And bids us mourn again the expiring year.
Let the gay youth review this solemn page,
And see death's certain here at every stage.
Not all the fondness that a mother knows,
Nor all the sweet solicitude she shows,
Can her loved offspring for a moment save
Or snatch that parent from the greedy grave.
In vain we sit and plan the future years,
And talk of distant joys and hopes and fears.
Ah! what avails life's most delightful schemes—
One moment shows them idle, empty dreams.
Some sad occurrence, some beloved friends,
Sink to the grave, and all the enchantment ends.
Witness, ye mourners of the present year,
Who still lament what once you held so dear,
With what keen pangs we give the last embrace,
How loth to quit the loved, the lifeless face.

'Tis then we see in truth's unerring glass
How vain is life, how swift our minutes pass;
With streaming eyes we view the silent tomb,
And deeply feel that death's our certain doom.
Old age and heedless youth and beauty's charms
Shrink at the thought and feel the dread alarms.
Frail nature sinks beneath the awful sound,
And every joy seems sickening all around.
No mortal friend the drooping mind can cheer,
No human mind protect that mind from fear.
Religion, come with energy divine
To calm the troubled heart is only thine.
Teach us that joy serene from virtue flows,
And the true peace which innocence bestows;

Teach us that vice, alike in every stage,
Disgraces youth and shames decrepit age.
That goodness paints the beauteous face more fair,
And stamps true reverence on the hoary hair.
Rise, then, my soul, to nobler prospects rise,
Let hope, sweet hope, transport us to the skies.
There we shall meet again each valued friend,
And all our doubts and all our fears shall end.
Each pain shall vanish, ev'ry sorrow fly,
For heaven's high hand shall wipe each weeping eye.

'I have written,' wrote the author of one of the magazines, 'to Stentor to give a couple three calls at the church-door, which they must hear if they are living within the Bills of Mortality.'

THE SERVANTS' HALL,

Christmas, 1777.

Boys, bring the cards and shut the door;
Let's see—here's two and two make four.
My Bet and I hold Joe and Sue,
Sam half-a-crown, with Ralph and you.
Done, Robin Butler, 'tis agreed,
We take your bet, and Joe's to lead.
O, Betsy, those are killing eyes,
Do close them, or thy Robin dies.
What pity 'tis such heavenly bloom
Should squeeze a mop or lift a broom.
Dear Robin Butler, prithee, hush,
I now protest you make me blush.
I handsome, Sir—not I, indeed!
Lud, I scarce know what card to lead.
Susan, this strasbury's mighty fine;
Mine is apple—do taste of mine.

The King of Hearts—that's mine, ye gods!
The Queen of Trumps; but score the odds.
We have the honours, Susan, look.
Score two, my dear, delicious cook.
Ladies, if acid disagrees,
Do have the punch—just as you please.
Dear girls, be free, and pray command;
We've port and mountain just at hand.
Who play'd the Jack? Bet play'd the same,
Then here's the honour and the game.
Now, Betsy, tune your heavenly voice;
Some rapturous song from Anne or Boyce—
Give us your vovatoria singing.
Coming—confound your bell for ringing.
All must be dumb while Betsy sings.
Coming—confound you, low you ring.
I'll not half clean the knives and plate,
Nor Jack for coaches hold a gate;
Nor will Joe brush the curate's coat,
Nor will Sam give his horse an oat.
Sue cares not how she burns the meat,
Nor will Bet air a single sheet.
O, Bet, could servants rule in turn,
We'd make our devils wash and churn,
Keep mouldy crusts in water gruel,
And blow their fists for want of fuel.
What, would they have us upper folks,
Trot to their hogs with pails and yoke?
Not I, forsooth; I'll sooner marry
And keep a publick house with Harry.
Marden, December 24th, 1777.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

Written on the last day of the Year 1778.

Seventeen Hundred, Seventy-eight,
I now for ever past;

Seventeen Hundred, Seventy-nine will
Fly away as fast.
But whether life's uncertain scene
Shall hold an equal pace,
Or whether death shall come between
And end my mortal race;
Or whether sickness, pain, or health
My future lot shall be,
Or whether poverty or wealth,
Is all unknown to me.
One thing I know that needful 'tis
To watch with careful eye,
Since every season spent amiss
Is registered on high.
Too well I know what precious hours
My wayward passions waste,
And, oh! I feel my mortal powers
To dust and darkness haste.
Earth rolls her rapid seasons round
To meet her final fire;
But virtue is with glory crown'd,
Though suns and stars expire.
What awful thoughts! what truth sublime,
What useful lesson this;
Oh, let me well improve my time,
Oh, let me die in peace.

Will joys amuse when medicine cannot cure,
When spirits ebb; when Life's enchanting scenes their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight.

Young Nt. Thoughts.

Wrote in the year 1780, on plays being acted on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent in the city of Canterbury:

How is devotion lost in this loose age,
Instead of fasting they prefer the stage;
The Dean may preach and Minor Canons pray,
Palmer ensures the party for the play.
From routs to plays, from plays to routs they run,
Churches and chapels they are sure to shun.
They ne'er reflect that now's the time for Lent,
Which was ordained for sinners to repent.
Pardon them, Lord, tho' they have acted wrong,
And let them join with Thy Angelic throng.

September 6th, 1782.

From the *Kentish Gazette*:

"LENHAM HEATH CAMP."

A recent incident in the neighbourhood hath excited no little indignation.

A gentleman remarkable tenacious of his game hath preferred a formal complaint to the General against the officers of the 21st Regt. of Light Dragoons for shooting too near his premises. From the General he received a polite and proper answer, but as it unfortunately happened that not a gentleman of the Corps complained of had even taken the diversion of shooting to the right of the encampment, in consequence had never been within miles of the complainant's mansion, a very proper and *spirited* remonstrance had been addressed to him in the name of the whole body of officers of the 21st. It is supposed to have created in this tenacious gentleman some small embarrassment, and not improbably to have suggested to his mind some reflections not altogether unlike the underwritten:—

Oh, me! how bless'd are happier Galeias skies,
No hare is murdered, and no partridge dies.
Ah, me! how bless'd are gallia's richer sons,
Whose game is sacred even from soldiers' guns.
In that dear land for lords of manors meet,
The lord reigns monarch of his ancient seat.
What tho' to me my niggard stars endy'd,
The pomp of ancestry to swell my pride.
In France a little had my gold procur'd,
A chateau purchased and my game secur'd.
Oh, in my earlier hours of youthful prime,
Had fortune placed me in that genial clime;
Had it, oh, had it been Avaro's fate
In some fair seignory or marquisate;
I had sat him down! peaceful his days had flow'd;
His game had flourished and his vassals bow'd.
Ah, poor Avaro! could a wish restore
Those thousand which from the election store.
Which wretch; thou's lavish'd silent votes to give,
And at the nod of proud Premiers to live!
What, tho' me *Dubris Castle* hail supreme,
When North is absent? Vain my empty dream!
All, all unequal to the sums I spent,
My thousands would have purchas'd twice the rent
Of that poor pension—let me, let me fly,
And with my cash reclaimed a lordship buy!
In France thrice glorious! Lords of Manors sell
Their quails and pheasants by the market bell.
Here *Venison* only to the market goes,
Our English squires send only *Bucks and Does.*
Oh, how I envy Gaul her wiser laws,
Where game is property, the people straws;
Where a proud Captain dare discharge there,
Nor angry letters pass from fierce Dragoons.

S.C.G.

Mary married John Boys, of Betteshanger, Kent, cousin of William Boys, of Deal, and went to live at the old farmhouse which for 200 years had belonged to the family. They had 13 children; one died young, but by the time of Mary's death at the age of 93 years she had left 153 direct descendants. In the long dreary winters she found plenty to do in the house to keep herself occupied; her needlework was of great variety and her life more varied than that of Capel of Hastings, that eccentric man of the most determined character, for he must have spent years in copying out Shakespeare ten times!

Sandwich,

January 18th, 1795.

I think, my dear Madam, I cannot do better
Than to make you all laugh, send in verse a short letter;
Tho' to speak in plain truth, it had better been prose,
For, by this sharp cold, bright ideas are froze.
Your daughter and I have many times said,
In such dismal, cold weather, the best place is in bed.
As there's no stirring out whilst the snow is so deep,
Why, I think 'tis as well to forget it in sleep.
Of Eliza, I (you perceive) make no mention;
She'll thank you herself for your friendly attention.
I hope my good friend will not take it amiss
If I beg that no one but herself may see this?
I'm sure she will favour me this my petition,
Nor make of these verses a great exhibition.
I trust that my freedom you'll deign to excuse
If I ask you an answer, say, can you refuse?

For did you but know how obliged I should be
If you'd take up your pen and address it to me.
Your first leisure moment I know you would send
Some lines to dear Madam, your much obliged friend.

Mary.

ANSWER, 1795.

1.

A letter from Mary,
This is a vagary,
And written in verse, too, forsooth.
Oh! what I suppose
To have written in prose
Would be common outre and uncouth.

2.

And as I proceed
With her letter to read,
Find that verse flows with ease from her pen;
But an answer she asks,
Which in verse is a task—
Why, in prose I had rather write ten.

3.

Tho' at loss what to say
To this lassie so gay,
I'll my poor, weak abilities try;
And trust her good nature
Will not turn to satire,
What is wrote with her will to comply.

4.

Persevere, my dear girl,
Your attempt will not fail
Much pleasure and mirth to excite;
Nor need you, tho' puny,
Fear the critics' rude tongue,
That will malice and envy invite.

5.

Whilst the snow is so deep
Out of doors I can't creep,
  But contented am forc'd to stay in;
For should I stir out,
I make little doubt,
  I should find it near up to my chin.

6.

So we all get together
This dreadful cold weather,
  For amusement all puzzle our wits;
And the sight of a stranger,
I think there's some danger,
  Would throw our weak nerves into fits.

7.

Misses Mary and Fan,
Likewise Kitty and Ann,
  And the rest of the fireside nine,
Including Papa,
The chits and Mama,
  In love and good wishes do join.

8.

All hoping sincerely
Eliza is nearly
  Restored to good spirits and health;
If ill, we all find,
Be our friends e'er so kind,
  They are much greater blessing wealth.

9.

Excuse, then, I pray,
A short letter a day,
  Wrote amidst a great bustle and noise;
And, believe me, my dear,
Your very sincere
  And affectionate friend, M——y B——s.

THE REPLY

In Return.

Jan. 30th, 1795.

For your verses so clever
I both now and ever
  Most heartily thankful shall be;
I've read them with pleasure,
And think them a treasure,
  So elegant are they, and free.
Why a caution thus send,
Which only contend
  To deprive all your friends of a sigh
Which I think that I may
Without flattery say
  Would afford them much joy and delight.
I hope in your next
That on no slight pretext
  You'll refuse me the favour I mention.
One and all must agree
When your verses they see,
  That they're very well worth their attention.

Tell Miss Mary I say
She may go her own way,
  We shall ask no assistance of hers;
Tho' if I judge right,
'Tis only from spite
  She so scornfully speaks of our verse.
But, however, I think
She's a notable twink,
  And as such she will make a good wife.
I hope she'll soon find
A young man to her mind,
  To mix up a medley for life.

I perceive that in vain
I have puzzled my brain
  To afford something brilliant and smart;

But can find nothing better
To put in my letter,
  I have wishes quite warm from my heart.
Misses Mary and Fan,
You very well plan,
  When the ducks by the pond are all fed,
To walk here together,
With fair wind and weather,
  And we'll promise to give them a bed.

I must not now say
In compliment pay,
  In this answering your letter behind;
The truth to confess,
My dear Madam, is this,
  That I wish for some more of your mind.
My dear sister Lizzie
Is now very busy
  In making some geegaw or other.
To her praise I must tell
She succeeds very well
  With the help now and then of my mother.
Miss Mary has wrote
To my sister a note,
  And speaks of a charming cascade.
Now, as you are so near,
Pray in verse let us hear
  Of the streamlets the thaw lately made.

Do you think, my dear Mary, I've nothing to do
But to sit all the day scribbling verses to you?
Pray, what's to become my husband and chits,
Of my time chiefly spent in thus puzzling my wits
Writing rhyme without verse, and verse without rhyme,
And in this trifling way passing most of my time?
So, indeed, my friend, Mary, if this is your fun
To write verses so fast you must write two for one;

Your poetical talents I'd love to pursue,
For, write when you will, you can find something new.
To beguile the dull hour and the laugh send around,
As with wit and good humour you ever abound.
You cannot, dear Mary, persuade I've the right,
If my humdrum poor verses can e'er give delight
To the great busy world which around you reside,
So confine them, I pray, to your own fireside.
My daughter sends love for your kind invitation,
Such a walk will afford them both much recreation;
And as soon as the weather propitious does prove
They will set out with pleasure and hearts light as love.
Of cascades in pigsties and things so sublime,
My feelings will not let me put them in rhyme.
Then excuse me, I pray, tho' believe me, the sight
Of these waters tremendous occasions some fright.
Our neighbours who live in the valley below,
They soon found the snow was much worse than they know;
And into their chambers for refuge, I'm told,
They quickly all scrambled, the flood to behold;
For bread, cheese and butter were snatched up in haste
Or the waters would quickly have laid them all waste,
And, like good Noah's family, float in the Ark.
Pig, sheep, fowls and cattle all swam with the stream,
Such a sight I am sure was before never seen.
I hope my dear girl will occasion some fun;
So, believe me to be, with wishes most fervent,
Sincerely your friend and obliged humble servant.

Unfortunately for Mary's happiness, her husband, John Boys, gave way to an unnecessary love of thirst, and he became like Addison, who wrote: 'I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of

regular intemperance; I never go to bed drunk, but always flustered. I wear away very gently and am apt to be peevish, but never angry.'

If Mary had followed the advice of the great Dr. Hills with her spouse, things might have been different.

> Patients tender, patients tough,
> A tea-spoon-ful is just enough.
> If with tea you shake your frame,
> Or with drams your head inflame,
> Or with beef your paunch o'er stuff,
> A teaspoonful is just enough.

Thos. Turner, the mercer and general dealer of East Hoathly, kept a diary; he writes :

> We supped at Mr. Fuller's and spent the evening with a great deal of mirth, till between 1 and 2 a.m. Thos. Fuller brought my wife back on his back; I cannot say I came home sober, though I was far from being bad company.

A PARODY ON "BLEST AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS IS HE."

> Drunk as a dragon sure is he,
> The youth that dines or sups with thee;
> And sees and hears thee full of fun,
> Loudly laugh and quaintly pun.
>
> 'Twas this first made my love my dose,
> And rais'd such pimplets on my nose,
> For while I filled to every toast,
> My health was gone, my senses lost.

I found my claret and champagne
Inflame my blood and mad my brain;
The toast fell faltering from my tongue,
I hardly heard the catch I sung.

I felt my gorge and sickness rise,
The candles danced before my eyes;
My sight grew dim, the room turn'd round,
I tumbled senseless on the ground!

AN EXTEMPORY ON SETTING OUT FOR BATH,
DEC. 19TH, 1785.

What! palsy and gout both at once on my back;
Alas, on a dwarf what a giant attack!
Even comforts themselves as new plagues I endure,
When the palsy's my ill, and the gout is my cure.

As these lines also come out of the family autograph book, we must presume someone of the family was sent to Bath.

But we really must say good-bye to Mary Boys, and pass on. Sufficient to say the family estate of Betteshanger had to be sold, and was later pulled down. Her daughter wrote the following:

ODE ON LEAVING BETTESHANGER,
DECEMBER 12TH, 1806.

The day at last is come, the parting day.
Alas! I must depart far, far away:
I leave this blest retreat, unwilling go,
To see, ah! nought but a mien pompous show;
To see Lord S., Lord A., and poor Sir T.
Some those may gratify—they please not me.
Rich London, I detest its noise and strife;

They suit not me, fond of a country life.
What heart too generous feelings ever face,
Can with contempt or cold indifference see
The pitiable objects that are there,
Whose lives are naught but anguish and depression,
Deceit, with fraud and treachery combined,
To dupe, deceive and take in all mankind;
I fear 'tis but too true what Rodenah says:
'London's the devil's place, and there he always stays.'
I leave these joys so grateful to my mind,
I go from hence and leave them all behind—
Joys that with gratitude impress my heart;
Ah! joys from which with deep regret I part.

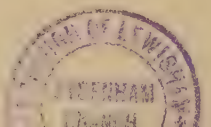
Fanny Boys.

Who were Lord S., Lord A. and 'poor Sir T.' that had upset the quietude of Betteshanger? And what would poor Fanny have thought of London 150 years later?

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Accept, blest shade, the tribute of a tear,
Thou best of women, and thou friend sincere.
Where now on earth can we thy equal find,
Where such a friend a daughter, sister kind?
Who felt like thee another's want or grief,
Who ere applied who did not find relief,
Who, with such fortitude could sickness bear,
Or with such piety for death prepare?
Immortal saint, look from the realms above
And guide the steps of those you once did love;
Teach us, like thee, to bear affliction's rod,
Teach us to follow thee to Heaven and God.

Ann Boys.



INDEX

A

Addington, 114.
Addison, 133, 163.
Admiral of the Blue, 80.
Admiralty, 67.
Agameman, 111.
Alarm, H.M.S., 94.
Anson, Admiral, 64.
Artillery Gardens, 117.
Atkinson, Thomas, 136.
Augustus, 19.

B

B., Lieutenant, 44.
Balloon, 117.
Baltimore, H.M.S., 65.
Bamfield, Sir C., 23.
Barcelona, Count de, 33.
Bachelors, 20.
,, Advertise, 24.
,, Surgeon, 19.
Bath, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 130, 165.
Batten, 57.
Beachy Head, 49.
Bede, 99.
Bedford, Hilkial, 35.
Beddington, 27.
Beggar's Opera, 126.
Benedetto, 138.
Bengal, 83.
Berenger, Raymond, 33.
Bernard, 39.
Betteshanger, 166.
Bible, 92.
Bideford Harbour, 57.
Bilby, William, 5.
Black Dick, 110.
,, Kate, 58.
Blackwood, 137.
Boerheave, Dr., 127, 128.
Bon Homme Richard, 60.
Bomaremot Grele, 147.
Bombay, 82.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 84, 119, 120.
Boulimia, 127.
Bowen, 136.
Boyce, David, 6.
,, Dr., 12, 53.
,, Stephen, 3.
Boys, Ann, 166.
,, Charles Worsley, 114.
,, Edward, 118, 119.
Boys, Elizabeth, 48, 49, 50.
,, Fanny, 110, 166.
,, John, of Betteshanger, 76, 118, 158, 163.
Boys, Luke, 63.
,, Mary, 158, 163, 165.
,, Samuel, 48, 50.
,, Sarah, 40.
,, Thomas, Dr., 93.
,, William, 158.
,, ,, Commodore, 53, 56, 60, 61, 65, 66, 68, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 80.
Boys, William, of Sandwich, 57, 117.

Boys Hall, 40, 41.
Boyse, Robert, 7.
Breda, H.M.S., 63.
Brest, 67.
Brighton, 78, 86.
Bristol, 129.
British Flag, 94.
Brunswick, 111, 112, 113.
Burtham Thorpe, 111, 139.
Byron, 62.

C

Cabenda, 54.
Cadiz, 110.
Calvi, Siege of, 123.
Cambrians, 59.
Canada, 100.
Canterbury, 40, 155.
Capel of Hastings, 158.
Casabianca, 121.
Ceylon, 80.
Change Alley, 86.
Charles I., 83.
,, II., 105.
Chart, 41.
Chatham, 83.
Chester Cheese, 124.
Chichester, 3.
China, 16, 33.
Christening, 27.
Christmas Party, 124.
Cinque Ports, 3.
Cleopatra, 31.
Coaches, 18.
Cockthrowing, 73.
Collingwood, Admiral, 105, 106, 108, 121, 126, 135, 143.
Congreve, 37.
Cook, Captain James, 62.
Coombs, 33, 34.
Cornwall, 39, 105.
Court of Aldermen, 65.
,, ,, Edylfled, 59.
,, ,, Equity, 32.
,, ,, Exchequer, 18.
Coverly, Sir Roger de, 39.
Cromwell, 92, 138.
Cricket Match, 78.
Crooked Island, 54.
Cuddalore, 81.
Curran, 7.

D

Dampier, 57.
Dawson, 21.
Deal, 57, 75, 158.
Deptford, 61, 62, 64, 84, 90, 104, 111.
Divorces, 16.
Downing Street, 90.
Droits de l'Homme, 59.
Dubois, 157.
Du Casse, 63, 64.
Dungeness, 49.
Dunkirk, 68.
Dunwich, 147.
Dutch Wars, 83.

E

East Hoathly, 164.

East India House, 80.
,, ,, Company Sales, 2.
Eastry, 113, 144.
Edinburgh, 68.
Electricty, 117.
Elfords, 24, 48, 51.
Epitaph, 34, 35.
Equestrian Order, 19.
Etna, H.M.S., 61.
Euraylus, H.M.S., 143.
Evelyn, George, 61.
Exeter, H.M.S., 82.
Eythorn, 144.

F

Fairlight, 49.
Fashions, 39.
Finch, Sarah, 27.
Flanders, 4, 100, 117.
Fleet Prison, 6.
Fleet Street, 86.
Fleuron, 66.
Flogging, 106, 107.
Fog, Captain, 15, 63, 64.
Folkestone, 5.
Fortosa, 33.
France, 99, 120.
Franklin, 117.
French, 83, 100, 131.
French Revolution, 84.
Fuller, 164.

G

Garwlwyd, Gwrgi, 59.
Geese, 23, 78.
Genoa, 94.
George I., 45.
,, III., 138.
Germany, 147.
Ghosts, 6.
Gibbs, William, 57.
Gibraltar, 77, 84.
Gillingham, 140.
Glorious First of June, 104.
Gloriso, 80.
Goodwin Sands, 138.
Gordon Riots, 42.
Gosport, 18.
Götenburg, 68.
Gout, 127, 128.
Grebell, 45, 46.
Greece, 99.
Greenwich, 102, 131, 138.
,, Hospital, 57, 74, 76, 78, 132, 139.
Greenwich Pensioners, 73, 78.
Greyhound, H.M.S., 65.
Guildford, Lord, 23, 24.
,, Sir John, 24.
Guinea, 54.
Guy's Hospital, 67.

H

Halley's Diving Apparatus, 62.
Hanover, 67.
Hanover Square, 123.
Hardy, Captain, 132, 135, 137, 138.
Hardy, John, 66.
Harrison, H., 66.
Hawke, Admiral, 67, 108.
Hawkhurst, 2, 24, 48, 108.

Harvey, A., 148.
,, Admiral Sir Eliah, 141, 142.
Harvey, Admiral Sir Henry, 112, 113, 120, 136.
Harvey, Captain John, 111, 112, 113.
Harvey, John, 144.
,, John S., 64, 144, 148, 150.
Harvey, Mary, 34, 150.
,, Rev. Richard, 144.
,, Solomon, of Eastry, 150.
Harvey, Stanhope, 147.
Harvey, Thomas, 113.
Hastings, 3, 48, 158.
Hartwell, Mrs., 69.
Heights of Abraham, 102.
Hemsted, 24.
Henry VIII., 138.
Hills, Dr., 127, 164.
Hood, Admiral Sir A., 113, 114.
Hounslow, 61.
Howard, Philanthropist, 91.
Howe, Lord, 106, 110, 111, 112, 113.
Huggins, John, 7.
Hughes, Admiral Sir Edward, 80, 81, 82, 83.
Hunter, John, 66.
Hurstmonceux, 49.

I

Indians, 63.
Indian Ocean, 67.
Italy, 94.
Ivy Church, 74.

J

Jack the Painter, 85.
Jamaica, 54.
James I., 25.
Jarvis, Captain, 94.
Jedderish, 87.
Jenkins, 62.
Jenner, Edward, 66.
Johnson, Ben, 50.
Jones, Paul, 86.

K

Kelleway, Captain, 54, 55, 56.
,, Robert, 57.
Kemp, Elizabeth, 25.
Kempenfelt, Admiral Richard, 76, 77.
Kentish Gazette, 156.
King's Bench, 47.
Knights of the Bath, 80.
Knowles, William, 40.

L

L'Archille, 112.
L'Estrange, 73.
L'Orient, 121, 138.
La Hacha, 33.
Lamb, Captain Charles, 48, 51.
Lamb, Elizabeth, 51.
,, Dr., 47.
,, House, 45.
,, James, 45.
,, John, 5, 50.

Lamb, William, 47.
Lark, H.M.S., 80.
Lee, Lord Chief Justice, 65.
Leicester, 147.
Leith, 68.
Lenham, Heath Camp, 156.
Letters, Love, 11.
,, Mary Harvey, 158, 159, 160, 162, 163.
Letters, Ramsgate, 87.
Lille, 117.
Lisbon, 57.
Long Ditton, 61.
Lord Mayor, 91.
Louis XIII., 66.
Lovers' Seat, 49.
Ludgate Prison, 91.
Lunardi, 117.
Luxborough Crew, 53, 55.
,, Galley, 56, 75.

M

Madras, 80, 82.
Malines, 5.
Margate, 5.
Marsh, 74.
Martial, 31.
Mayfair Church, 35.
Mediterranean, 134.
Mermaid, 112.
Merrides, 138.
Michael Shrine, 23.
Michaelmas, 23.
Middies, 118, 119, 131, 133.
Midwives, 27, 28.
Military Memoirs, 91.
Minden, Battle of, 67.
Molly, Miss, 19.
Montagu, Admiral, 113.
,, Lady M. H., 127.
Montcalm, 102.
Montgolfier, 117.
Montpelier Gardens, 78.
Moors, 33.
Mosley, Dr., 23.
Mould, George, 57.
Mulberry Trees, 25.
Musical Instruments, 99.
Mutiny, 70.

N

Naylor, Grace, 49.
Nelson, 100, 119, 124, 137, 139.
Nelson, Catherine, 139.
,, Rev. Edward, 139.
Nelson's Prayer, 121, 123, 135.
New England, 61.
Newfoundland, 56.
Newgate Gaol, 65.
Nile, Battle of, 121, 122.
Northampton, 148.
North Sea, 95.

O

Ogilvie, Dr., 7, 67.
Old Bailey, 65.
,, Collect, 75.
,, Fleet, 35.
,, St. Lawrence Harbour, 56.
Old Wrestler's Inn, 122.

Order of Jerusalem, 114.
Organs, 99.
Overcoats, 73.
Owls, 74.

P

Pacific Ocean, 64.
Page, Sir Justice, 107.
Painted Hall, 57, 83, 138.
Pall Mall, 18.
Pawnbroker, 61.
Peace of Utrecht, 54, 62.
Pearson, Captain, 60.
,, Elizabeth, 60.
Pekin, 36.
Pelican, 105.
Peninsular War, 92.
Penryn, 105.
Pepin, 99.
Periwig, 38.
Petticoat Government, 84.
Phœnicians, 118.
Phœbe, Frigate, 120.
Pianos, 99.
Pigtails, 38.
Pitt, 84, 90, 101, 125, 114.
Platina, 61.
Pondicherry, 80.
Poole, 3.
Portsmouth, 66, 77.
,, Yard, 85.
Portugal, 66, 94.
Presbyterian Cemetery, 75.
Proverbs, 27.
Punishments, 107.
Pythagoras, 98.

Q

Quakers, 35.
Quebec, 101.
,, Mercury, 103.
Queen Charlotte, H.M.S., 111.
,, Elizabeth, 138.
,, Mary, 71.
Queensbury, Duchess of, 126.

R

Ramillies, 112.
Ramsey, 107.
Ramsgate, 87.
Raven, 61.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 83.
Rhin, 119.
Rhubarb, 22.
Rivers, 132.
Robespierre, 84.
Roberts, Mistress, 24.
Rodney, Sir George, 71, 72, 74, 112, 113.
Rome, 19, 74, 147.
Royal Assurance Co., 60.
,, George, H.M.S., 114, 120, 137.
Royal Sovereign, 69, 120, 121, 135, 137.
Rye, 2, 45, 48, 53.

S

Salehurst, 51.
Sam, 9.
Sampler, 25.
Sandwich, 18, 53, 116.
Santa Cruz, 122.

Scarborough, 60.
Scott, Ellen, 41, 42.
,, Mr., 136.
Scrimfour, 56, 57.
Serapis, H.M.S., 60.
Severe, H.M.S., 82.
Sheppard, 114.
Sherlock, H. H., 140.
Shipwrecks, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59.
Slave Boy, 93.
Smallpox, 63.
Smith, Nathaniel, 35.
,, Sir Sidney, 118.
Smuggled Lace, 40.
,, Love, 18.
,, Imports, 1.
Society of Nautical Research, 104.
South America, 61.
Southampton Water, 51.
South Sea Bubble, 85.
,, ,, Company, 53.
Spain, 94.
Spanish-American Settlements, 64.
Spanish Armada, 23.
,, Galleons, 64.
Spectator, 31.
Spithead, 113.
Springett, Catherine, 150.
,, John, 150.
St. Clement's Caves, 3.
,, ,, Danes, 50, 139.
,, George's Church, 123.
,, James's Park, 80, 91.
,, Laurence, 101, 112.
St. Nicholas, 47.
,, Paul's, 47, 138.
,, ,, Deptford, 27.
Stag, 49.
St. Vincent, Lord, 120, 122, 136, 142.
St. Vincent, H.M.S., 97.
Stock Exchange, 86.
Storms, 144, 147.
Strand, 139.
Sultan, H.M.S., 82.
Superb, H.M.S., 80, 83.
Sweden, 68.
Swineford, 129.

T

Talbot, 97.
Tappingden, 41.
Tartars, 36.
Téméraire, 136, 140.
Teneriffe, 122, 123.
Thalby, M., 23.
Theseus, H.M., 123, 136.
Thuringia, 147.
Thurot, 68.
Toplady, 56.
Toulon, 118, 119, 134.
Tracy, 44.
Trafalgar, 131, 136, 140.
Trencoma, 81, 82.
Turkish Merchant, 19.
Turner, Thomas, 164.
Tyrawley, Lord, 14.

V

Valenciennes, 4.

Vancover, 62.
Vanguard, H.M.S., 120, 121.
Venetian Priest, 99.
Vengeur, H.M.S., 111, 112, 113.
Ventilator, 65.
Vernon, Admiral, M.P., 105.
Victory, H.M.S., 135, 136, 137, 139, 140.
Virginia, 63.

W

Walpole, Sir Robert, 62, 105, 108.
Walpole, Lord Robert, 139.
Warwick, H.M.S., 80.
Wellington, 93.
Wesley, John, 2.
,, Charles, 126.
Westerham, 103.
West Indies, 63, 83, 105, 112.
Westminster Abbey, 113.
West York Militia, 147.
Wheatears, 22.
Whistler, 124.
William III., 71.
Windsor, 138.
Wolfe, James, 100, 101, 102, 103.
Wolsey, Cardinal, 138.
Wolseley, 92.
Wood, Nicholas, 127.
Woolwich, 84.
Wotton, 61.

Y

Yarmouth, 122.
Yearsley, Ann, 129.
York, Duke of, 90.

LIST OF POETRY

A

An Address of Virtue, 51.
An Elegy, 166.
An Extempory, 165.
A Sacred Lyric, 144, 145.
Awake, my Laura, 95, 96.
A Young Lady's Answer, 149.

B

Beat on, proud billows, 7.
Bidding to a Marriage, 22.
But what is become of Mrs. Mc.? 125.

C

Coquette, 28, 29, 30.
Cowards die many times, 134.

D

Dead calm in the Tropics, 81.
Dear Moseley, 23.
Definition of a Dentist, 67.
Drunk as a Dragon, 164.

G

Glorious First of June, 115.
Good-night, 1.
Gray's Elegy, 101.
Great Anson, 64.
Great God of Wonders, 76.

H

Heart of Oak, 53.
He that woos a maid, 35.

I

It was not in the battle, 77.

L

Like to the baker's oven, 130.
Locked in the arms of balmy sleep, 144.
Love and Glory, 97.
Love's Elegies, 52.
Lover's Alphabet, 21.

M

Maid's Complaint, 26.
Mariner's Song, 5.
May the rumour, 84.
Moral Reflection, 155.
My Uncle, 62.

N

Now the wars are all over, 71.

O

O Absolom, 37.
Ode on leaving Betteshanger, 165.
Oh, Lamb of God, 48.
One day more, 132.
On a Lady's frowning, 148.
On Miss Boyse, 20.
On Mr. Pope's dying, 64.
On reading the Bill of Mortality, 152.

P

Patients tender, patients tough, 164.

Poem of Miss Talbot, 95.

Q

Qui Vive! 103.

R

Rock of Ages, 56.
Rule Britannia, 79.

S

See Hardy's flag, 137.
See Miss and Madame, 71.

T

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, 114.
To all you ladies now in Bath, 127.
To Miss on a Watch, 38.
To the memory of Lord Nelson, 139.
Towing here, 98.
The Ancient Mariner, 81.
The guns that should have conquered us, 108.
The Head, 150, 151.
The Pains, 37.
The Post Boy, 109.
The Servants' Hall, 153.
The Roman Senate, 74.

V

Vex'd at the brutes, 129.
Virtue, by Miss Coleman, 51.

W

We'll spend our wages, 76.
When first on Laura's charms, 20.
When my bright comfort, 31.
Who dwells at yonder three golden balls? 62.
Will, 14.

Y

Young Daphne, 12.